



An Iowa Inferno: An Erotic Story of Forbidden Lust by Lucille Simmons.

The Iowa summer of '73 was a suffocating inferno, thick with heat and buried sins. In their dilapidated clapboard house, 18-year-old Thad Nelson was consumed by a tempest of desire. His father, Earl, a Vietnam vet with haunted eyes, chain-smoked Camels on the porch, while his sister McCourtney, 22, prowled the house with deliberate provocation. Since quitting college, she'd traded modesty for sheer nighties that hugged her curves and panties so thin the dark, wild tangle of her pubic hair was starkly visible. *She's fucking with me*, Thad thought, catching her stretching in the kitchen, the outline of her mound teasing through the fabric, his cock hardening instantly. *It's so wrong, but I'm trapped*. Guilt gnawed at him, but her image consumed him. Earl felt it too, his anger simmering when McCourtney's nightie rode up, but he'd mutter and turn away. *Even Dad's caught*, Thad thought. *They're both mine to play with*, McCourtney thought, smirking inwardly, relishing the power her body held.

One sweltering Friday night, Earl was at the VFW, lost in bourbon. McCourtney, stuck "babysitting" Thad, was restless, her sweat-soaked nightie molding to her breasts, her pubic hair a bold tease through her damp panties. *Jace better fucking show*, she thought, pacing, her body buzzing with need. "Bed, Thad," she snapped after supper, her voice sharp, eyes glinting with intent. *Get lost, little brother*, she thought, a wicked thrill sparking. Thad, lean and wired, nodded and climbed the stairs, but sleep was a lie. *She's up to something, and I'm not missing it*,

he thought, lying on his bed, window open to the humid night, cicadas masking his racing pulse.

The screen door creaked. McCourtney's pulse jumped. *There's my man*, she thought, as Jace, her hippy boyfriend, long-haired and reeking of marijuana, slipped inside, his grin promising trouble. *Let's burn this fucking house down*, she thought, leading him to her room, leaving the door ajar—half reckless, half dare. Thad crept to the door, and she sensed it. *Watch me, you little perv*, she thought, a thrill coiling in her core.

Through the crack, Thad saw them. McCourtney, nightie ripped off, sprawled naked on her bed, breasts bouncing, nipples hard, legs splayed. Jace, jeans down, his thick cock slick as he thrust into her pussy, her pubic hair glistening with arousal, her folds wet and open. “Fuck me harder, you dirty bastard,” she moaned, nails raking his back, bucking against him. The wet slap of their bodies filled the room, her gasps sharp as Jace gripped her hips, pounding deeper. “Give it to me, Jace,” she hissed, voice raw, the bed groaning. *Fuck, he's good*, she thought, lost in the heat. Then Jace pulled out, slick with her arousal, and flipped her over. “Want it in your ass, baby?” he growled. “Fuck yes,” she grinned, spreading her cheeks, and he eased into her tight hole, slow at first, then thrusting deep. “Oh, shit, that's it,” she moaned, raw and loud, fingers clutching the sheets. *God, I love nights like this*, she thought, the intensity overwhelming. Thad's mind shattered. *Anal? With that fucking hippie?* he thought, his cock throbbing in his pajamas, the sight blowing his mind. *She's a goddamn animal*. Shame and arousal crashed together, rooting him to the spot. A floorboard creaked. McCourtney's head snapped toward the door, eyes locking with Thad's. *Caught you, you little shit*, she thought,

smirking wickedly, arching harder under Jace, moans louder. *See what you'll never touch.* Thad stumbled back to his room, pulse roaring. *I'm going straight to hell*, he thought, her image—slick, open, taking it like that—seared into him.

Later, the house stilled. Jace left, his VW van rumbling off. McCourtney lounged on the couch, still in her nightie, sipping a beer, her panties clinging, pubic hair stark. *Fucking hell, what a night*, she thought, her body still tingling. Thad appeared, eyes blazing with rage and lust.

“I saw you,” he growled, voice trembling. “You and Jace. I’m telling Dad unless you let me have you too—like that hippie bastard did.”

McCourtney laughed, throaty and sharp. *He’s got some fucking nerve*, she thought, arousal flickering. “You serious, Thad?” Her gaze raked him, seeing his desperation. She stood, peeling off her nightie, panties dropping to the floor, her body bare, pubic hair matted. “Want a bit of me, little brother?” she purred, spreading her thighs slightly.

Thad sneered, his voice biting. “Is there any left after that hippie finished with you?”

McCourtney smirked, stepping closer. “Lots, you little shit. You’ll see, if you’re man enough,” she taunted, voice low. *Let’s see if he can handle me*, she thought, her pulse racing.

Thad’s eyes darkened. “You’ll fucking see,” he snarled, following her to her bedroom. She lay on her bed, thighs parted, smirking. *Show me, you little bastard*, she thought. Thad stood frozen for a moment, studying her pussy—glistening, swollen, better than he’d ever imagined in his fevered fantasies. *Fuck, it’s perfect*, he thought, his cock aching, a primal need to claim her overwhelming him. He tore off his pajamas, his cock springing free, thick and throbbing. “This is payback for all your fucking teasing,” he growled, but she stopped him, sliding off the bed

to her knees.

“First, let’s see what you’re working with,” she purred, wrapping her lips around his cock, taking him deep. *Fuck, he’s big*, she thought, her tongue swirling, sucking him slowly, then faster, her hands gripping his thighs. Thad groaned, hands tangling in her hair. *Her mouth’s unreal*, he thought, hips bucking. She worked him for minutes, relentless, lips tight, tongue teasing, until he was panting. “Fuck, McCourtney, you’re gonna make me come,” he gasped.

“Not yet, you greedy fuck,” she grinned, pulling back, climbing onto the bed. “Fuck me like you mean it.” Thad mounted her, thrusting into her wet pussy with wild, thrashing hunger, her legs wrapping tightly around him, pulling him deeper. *She’s so tight, so fucking wrong*, he thought, his mind a blur of guilt and ecstasy.

“Fuck, you got such a big cock, little brother,” McCourtney moaned, her walls clenching around him. *He’s fucking intense*, she thought, nails digging into his shoulders. “I saw you peeking at my see-through panties, you dirty little perv. Ever jerk off thinking of my wet pussy? Bet you blew your load dreaming of fucking me.”

“Every fucking night,” Thad growled, thrusting harder. *She knew, she fucking loved it*, he thought, her words igniting him. “You’re a goddamn tease, McCourtney. Now I’m taking what I want.”

“Fuck yes, pound me, you filthy bastard,” she hissed, her legs tightening, hips rocking. “Ever think about my tight ass when you stroked that big cock? Bet you did, you sick fuck. Turns me on knowing you got off to me.” *He’s losing it, and I’m fucking loving it*, she thought, her body shuddering with her first orgasm, a loud cry spilling out.

“I want you like he had you,” Thad snarled, pulling out. *I need to fuck her like Jace did, need to own her*. “I’m gonna fuck your ass, just like

that hippie bastard.”

McCourtney grinned, rolling onto her stomach, spreading her cheeks. *He's got balls*, she thought, arousal spiking. “Slow, you eager fuck,” she murmured, guiding him. Thad eased into her tight hole, groaning, his thrusts growing wilder. “Oh, shit, that’s good,” she moaned, the sensation raw. *Fuck, he's intense*, she thought, her second orgasm hitting fast, then a third, her nails raking his arms. “Fuck me harder, Thad, make me scream,” she gasped. *This is so fucked up, but I'm on fire*.

“You like that, you dirty slut?” Thad growled, pounding deeper. *She's mine now, not his*. “Better than that fucking hippie?”

“Fuck, you’re giving him a run,” she moaned, smirking. “Come on, little brother, make me come again.” *He's wild, and I'm eating it up*, she thought, her body trembling.

Thad pulled out, panting, and she turned, kneeling before him. “Finish it, you bastard,” she purred, eyes locked on his. *Give it to me*, she thought. Thad came, hot and thick, across her face, and she licked her lips, smirking. *That's my boy*, she thought, the act sealing their secret. “Don’t breathe a fucking word,” she whispered, voice raw, rolling over. Thad stumbled back, spent, the cicadas screaming outside. *I'm damned, but I'd do it again*, he thought, the weight of their sin a chain he’d carry forever. McCourtney lay still, her mind calm. *He's mine to play with now*, she thought, the sin a weapon she’d wield like a blade.

The morning after their illicit night, the Iowa sun burned through the kitchen curtains, casting a harsh light on the peeling linoleum. Thad sat at the breakfast table, his eggs untouched, his mind a churn of guilt and raw desire. *I'm damned*, he thought, the image of McCourtney’s slick

pussy and the memory of her tight ass gripping him replaying in vivid detail. *She's better than I ever dreamed, and I hate myself for wanting more.* His cock twitched under his jeans, betraying his shame. Across the table, McCourtney lounged in a sheer nightie, her nipples faintly visible, the dark tangle of her pubic hair a tease through her panties. *He's squirming already,* she thought, smirking inwardly, relishing the power she held. Earl, slouched at the table's head, nursed a black coffee, his eyes bloodshot from last night's whiskey. *Fucking kids,* he thought, oblivious to the electric tension between his children.

McCourtney stretched, her nightie riding up, and slid her bare foot along Thad's leg under the table, her toes grazing his calf. "Sleep well, little brother?" she whispered, her voice low, teasing, as she sipped her orange juice. *Look at him, all wound up,* she thought, her core tightening at his obvious discomfort.

Thad's fork clattered against his plate, his face flushing. *She's fucking with me, right here with Dad,* he thought, rage and lust boiling over. His cock strained against his jeans, and he shot her a glare, his jaw tight. "Fine," he muttered, voice clipped, but his eyes betrayed his hunger. Earl grunted, barely looking up. "Quit your bickering," he slurred, head pounding. *They're always at it,* he thought, too hung-over to notice the undercurrent.

McCourtney leaned forward, her breasts pressing against the table, and whispered, "Bet you're still hard from last night, perv." *He's so easy to break,* she thought, her foot sliding higher, brushing his thigh. Thad's breath hitched, his hands clenching into fists. *I'll wipe that smirk off her face,* he thought, his mind flashing to her moans, her legs wrapped around him.

Breakfast ended, and Earl shuffled to the porch, lighting a Camel. Thad

followed McCourtney into the kitchen as she cleared plates, her hips swaying deliberately. The second they were alone, he grabbed her wrist, pinning her against the counter, his voice a low hiss. “You’re gonna pay for last night, you slut.”

McCourtney’s eyes gleamed, unfazed. She smirked, leaning in so her lips nearly brushed his. “You’re already begging for seconds, perv,” she purred, her breath hot against his ear. *He’s too weak to fight me*, she thought, relishing her dominance. “What’s it gonna be, Thad? Gonna fuck me right here with Dad outside?”

Thad’s grip tightened, his cock throbbing painfully. *She’s daring me, and I’m too far gone to stop*, he thought, his rage melting into raw need. “You think you’re in control?” he growled, pressing himself against her, feeling the heat of her body through her nightie. “I’ll fuck you till you can’t walk, you tease.”

She laughed, low and throaty, pushing her hips against his. “Big talk, little brother,” she taunted, her hand brushing his bulge, making him groan. “But you’re already leaking for me. Bet you jerked off this morning thinking of my pussy.” *He’s mine, and he knows it*, she thought, her own arousal spiking at his desperation.

Thad’s resolve cracked. He yanked her nightie up, exposing her panties, the dark pubic hair stark against the thin fabric. *Fuck, it’s even better up close*, he thought, his fingers trembling as he traced her mound, her wetness soaking through. “You’re such a dirty whore,” he snarled, his voice thick with lust.

“And you love it,” she shot back, spreading her thighs slightly, daring him. “Go on, Thad, fuck me like you mean it. Or you scared Dad’ll hear?” *Push him, see how far he’ll go*, she thought, her pulse racing. The screen door creaked—Earl’s footsteps on the porch. Thad froze, his

hand still on her, heart pounding. *If he catches us, I'm dead*, he thought, panic surging. McCourtney smirked, unfazed, and whispered, "Better make it quick, perv." She slid her panties down, kicking them aside, and hopped onto the counter, legs spread, her pussy glistening. *Let's see if he's man enough*, she thought, her eyes locked on his.

Thad's mind screamed to stop, but his body moved on instinct. He unzipped his jeans, his cock springing free, and thrust into her, hard and deep. *She's so fucking tight*, he thought, groaning as her legs wrapped tightly around him, pulling him closer. "You like that, you filthy slut?" he growled, pounding into her, the counter creaking.

"Fuck yes, harder, you sick fuck," McCourtney moaned, her nails digging into his shoulders. *He's wild, and I'm eating it up*, she thought, her first orgasm building fast. "You been dreaming of this pussy, haven't you? Bet you came all over yourself thinking of me."

"Every fucking night," Thad snarled, his thrusts relentless. *She's everything I shouldn't want*, he thought, her dirty talk driving him insane. "You're mine now, not that hippie's."

"Prove it, little brother," she hissed, her legs tightening, her walls clenching as she came, a sharp cry escaping her. *Fuck, he's good*, she thought, her body shuddering. "Fuck my ass like he did, Thad. Show me you're better."

Thad pulled out, panting, and she rolled onto her stomach, spreading her cheeks. *She's pushing me to the edge*, he thought, his cock aching as he eased into her tight hole, groaning at the intensity. "You're such a dirty whore," he growled, thrusting deeper, her moans spurring him on. "Oh, shit, that's it," she moaned, raw and loud. *He's fucking intense*, she thought, her second orgasm hitting, then a third, her nails raking his arms. "Fuck me harder, Thad, make me your slut." *This is so wrong*,

but I'm on fire, she thought, lost in the heat.

Earl's footsteps grew louder, nearing the door. Thad's heart raced, *We're fucked if he comes in*, but McCourtney's grip held him fast.

"Finish it, you bastard," she purred, sliding off the counter to her knees, lips wrapping around his cock. *Let's make it quick*, she thought, sucking him deep, her tongue relentless, working him for agonizing minutes until he was trembling. *Her mouth's fucking magic*, he thought, hips bucking.

"Fuck, McCourtney," he gasped, pulling out just as he came, hot and thick across her face. She licked her lips, smirking. "Remember, don't breathe a fucking word," she whispered, grabbing her panties and slipping them on as Earl's shadow crossed the doorway. Thad zipped up, heart pounding, stumbling back as Earl entered, oblivious, muttering about the heat. *I'm damned, but I'd do it again*, Thad thought. McCourtney wiped her face, her mind calm.

The days following Thad and McCourtney's kitchen encounter were a fevered blur, the air in their clapboard house thick with secrets and the Iowa sun unrelenting. McCourtney's teasing had become a cruel art—slipping her fingers along Thad's arm when Earl wasn't looking, whispering, "Still dreaming of my pussy, perv?" as she passed him in the hall. *He's my toy, and I'm not done playing*, she thought, her body tingling with the thrill of control. Thad was a wreck, his nights spent jerking off to the memory of her tight ass and slick folds, his days haunted by guilt. *She's got me by the balls, and I can't break free*, he thought, his obsession deepening with every taunt. Earl, meanwhile, grew quieter, his bloodshot eyes lingering on his children, suspicion simmering beneath his hangover haze. *Something's off*, he thought, but

he drowned it in whiskey, not yet ready to face the truth.

Then, three days later, the rumble of a VW van shattered the morning's stillness. Jace pulled into the driveway, his long hair swinging, a joint dangling from his lips. McCourtney, lounging on the porch in a sheer sundress, lit up, her eyes gleaming. *My real man's back*, she thought, her pulse quickening at the promise of his rough hands and thick cock. Thad, hauling firewood from the shed, froze, his stomach twisting with jealousy. *That fucking hippie thinks he owns her*, he thought, his mind flashing to the night he'd watched Jace fuck McCourtney's ass, her moans echoing in his skull. His grip tightened on the axe handle, rage and lust warring within him.

Jace sauntered over, smirking at Thad, his voice lazy but laced with mockery. "Miss me, kid?" He clapped Thad's shoulder, too hard, his eyes flicking to McCourtney, who leaned against the porch railing, her dress clinging to her curves, pubic hair faintly visible through her panties. *This punk's got a problem*, Jace thought, sensing Thad's tension but dismissing it as childish.

"Fuck off," Thad muttered, shoving past him toward the house. *She's mine, not his*, he thought, his fixation burning hotter. McCourtney caught his glare and winked, *Oh, this is gonna be fun*, she thought, already plotting how to play the two men against each other.

That afternoon, with Earl off at the VFW, Thad cornered McCourtney in the kitchen, his voice low and venomous. "I fucked you better than him," he snarled, grabbing her wrist. "You're done with that hippie bastard, you hear me?"

McCourtney laughed, throaty and sharp, twisting free. "Jealous, little brother? His cock's good, but you're... eager," she teased, her eyes raking him, lingering on his bulge. "What's it gonna be, Thad? Wanna

fight for me?" *They're both eating out of my hand*, she thought, her core tightening at the thought of pitting them against each other. She leaned in, whispering, "Bet you're hard just thinking about me with him."

Thad's jaw clenched, his cock throbbing painfully. *She's playing me, and I'm too weak to stop*, he thought, his hands itching to tear her dress off. "You're mine," he growled, "and I'll prove it."

"Prove it, then," she purred, brushing her fingers across his chest before sauntering out to Jace, who was tuning his van. *Let's see how far I can push them*, she thought, her mind alight with wicked possibilities. That night, the house was quiet, Earl still at the bar. McCourtney, knowing Thad was lurking, invited Jace to her room, leaving the door cracked just enough. *Watch, little brother*, she thought, her body humming with anticipation. She stripped off her dress, her naked body glowing in the lamplight, breasts heaving, pubic hair matted with arousal. Jace, shirtless, his jeans already down, grinned. "I sure missed this pussy, baby," he said, pulling her onto the bed.

"Fuck me like you really mean it," McCourtney moaned, spreading her legs, her eyes flicking to the door where she knew Thad stood. *Let him see what he's up against*, she thought, her arousal spiking. Jace thrust into her pussy, hard and deep, the wet slap of their bodies filling the room. "Oh, shit, that's good," she gasped, nails raking his back, her hips bucking. "Give it to me, Jace, fuck me raw."

Thad watched through the crack, his breath ragged, his cock straining in his jeans. *She's doing this to torture me*, he thought, his mind reeling as Jace flipped her over, spreading her ass. "Want it here, you dirty slut?" Jace growled, and McCourtney moaned, "Fuck yes, fuck my ass." Jace eased into her tight hole, thrusting deep, her cries sharp and raw. *She's*

so fucking wild, Thad thought, his jealousy burning, his hand slipping into his jeans, stroking himself despite the shame. *I'm better than him, I have to be.*

McCourtney's eyes met Thad's through the door, a wicked smirk curling her lips as she moaned louder, "Harder, Jace, make me come." *Look at him, falling apart*, she thought, her body shuddering with her first orgasm, the thrill of Thad's gaze pushing her over the edge. Jace pounded into her, oblivious, until he groaned, pulling out to finish across her back. She collapsed, panting, *That was for you, Thad*, she thought, her mind already on her next move.

Jace left soon after, his van rumbling away. Thad, seething, waited until McCourtney was alone in her room, still naked, wiping herself clean. He stormed in, slamming the door. "You fucked him right in front of me, you whore," he snarled, his voice shaking with rage and need. "You think he's better than me?"

McCourtney laughed, sprawling on the bed, her thighs parted, pussy glistening. *He's so fucking easy*, she thought, her pulse racing. "He's good, Thad, real good. But you're my dirty little secret, aren't you?" She slid a finger along her folds, teasing herself, watching his eyes darken. "Wanna fuck me now? Prove you're man enough?"

Thad's resolve shattered. *She's mine, not his*, he thought, tearing off his clothes, his cock springing free, thick and aching. "I'll fuck you till you forget him," he growled.

Chapter 2

The Iowa heat clung to the clapboard house like a curse, the cicadas' drone a constant reminder of the summer's unrelenting weight. Days after Jace's return, McCourtney was restless, her mind a whirl of wicked plans. *Thad's jealous, Jace is cocky—time to play them both*, she thought, her body tingling with anticipation. She'd caught Thad's glares and Jace's smirks, their rivalry a spark she intended to fan into a blaze. *They're mine to control*, she thought, her lips curling into a smirk. Earl, still drowning his ghosts at the VFW, was an easy mark—she'd slipped him an extra bottle of bourbon, ensuring he'd be out cold at the bar till dawn. *Perfect*, she thought, the house hers to command.

As dusk settled, Jace's VW van rumbled up the drive, his long hair swinging as he sauntered in. Thad, chopping wood out back, tensed, his axe biting deeper into the log. *That fucking hippie is back*, he thought, his mind flashing to Jace's cock thrusting into McCourtney's ass, her moans haunting him. *She's mine, not his*. McCourtney greeted Jace with a kiss, her sheer sundress clinging to her curves, pubic hair faintly visible through her panties. *Let Thad stew*, she thought, leading Jace inside, calling out, "Thad, get in here!"

Thad stomped in, his face dark with jealousy. Jace lounged on the couch, smirking. "What's up, kid?" he drawled, sensing Thad's rage. *This punk's got it bad*, Jace thought, amused. McCourtney, standing between them, clapped her hands. "Dad's out, boys. Let's have some fun." *Time to light the fuse*, she thought, her eyes glinting with mischief. She led them to her bedroom, the air thick with tension. The lamplight cast shadows on the walls, her bed a stage for what was to come. McCourtney locked eyes with both men, slowly peeling off her sundress, revealing her naked body—breasts full, nipples hard, pubic

hair a dark tangle. *Look at them, already drooling*, she thought, thriving on their hunger. Jace grinned, stepping closer, but turned to Thad.

“Time you cleared off, kid. This is grown folks’ business.”

McCourtney laughed, sharp and wicked. “Oh, no, Jace. I want you both to stay,” she purred, her voice dripping with intent. “I want you both to fuck me.” *Let’s see how they handle this*, she thought, her core tightening at the thought of their rivalry exploding.

Jace cracked up, thinking it a joke, then saw her serious expression.

“Fuck, you’re wild, baby,” he said, his cock stirring in his jeans. *This is gonna be insane*, he thought, already imagining the chaos. Thad’s face twisted with disgust. *Naked with that fucking hippie? Sharing her?* he thought, his stomach churning. But the sight of McCourtney’s glistening pussy, better than he’d ever imagined, overrode his hesitation. *I need her, no matter what*, he thought, his cock aching despite his shame.

“Take your clothes off, Thad,” McCourtney ordered, smirking. *Let’s see if he’s man enough*, she thought. Thad fumbled with his jeans, his hands shaking, his cock stubbornly soft under their gazes. McCourtney laughed, cruel and teasing. “What’s wrong, little brother? Can’t get it up for me?” *He’s pathetic, and I love it*, she thought, her amusement cutting deep.

Jace, stripping confidently, had no such trouble, his thick cock hard and ready. *Look at this kid, flopping already*, he thought, smirking. Thad’s face burned, *I can’t let him have her first*, he thought, desperation surging. He climbed onto the bed, ignoring Jace, and buried his face in McCourtney’s tits, sucking her nipples hard, her moans spurring him on. *She’s mine*, he thought, his tongue circling, trying to claim her.

McCourtney grinned, pushing his head down. “Eat my pussy, Thad,” she commanded, wrapping her legs around his head, her thighs clamping

tight. *Make him work for it*, she thought, her arousal spiking. Thad's world narrowed to her pubic hair and slick pussy lips, the scent and taste overwhelming. *Fuck, she's perfect*, he thought, his tongue diving in, lapping at her clit with desperate fervor.

Jace laughed, leaning against the wall. "Look at you, kid, buried in your sister's snatch. Pathetic." *He's a fucking joke*, Jace thought, stroking himself. Thad's anger flared, *Fuck you, hippie*, but Jace's taunts only fueled him. He sucked harder, flicking his tongue, and McCourtney's moans grew louder, her body trembling. "Oh, fuck, Thad, right there," she gasped, her first orgasm crashing through her, her cries echoing. *He's better than I expected*, she thought, ecstasy flooding her.

"Shit, you'll wake the whole neighborhood," Jace said, climbing onto the bed, shoving his cock into her mouth. *Better shut her up and get mine*, he thought, grinning. McCourtney sucked him eagerly, her lips tight, tongue swirling. *Fuck, she's a pro*, Jace thought, groaning. Thad, still between her legs, felt her thighs quiver, her second orgasm hitting, but then she kicked him away, laughing. "Not bad, little brother, now it's your turn," she taunted, *Time to fuck with him*, she thought, her cruelty a game.

She crawled to Thad, her eyes wicked, and grabbed his half-hard cock, stroking it roughly. "Poor baby, still struggling?" she mocked, then sank her mouth onto him, sucking deep, her tongue relentless. *Let's see if I can fix him*, she thought, her lips working him into hardness. Jace, smirking, positioned himself behind her, thrusting into her pussy from behind, the wet slap of their bodies filling the room. *This is my show*, Jace thought, pounding her hard.

McCourtney pulled Thad's cock from her mouth, gasping, "Don't stop fucking me, Jace," her voice raw with pleasure. *Keep going, both of you*,

she thought, turning back to Thad. She rubbed his cock over her face, smearing her spit, and hissed, "Don't you dare lose wood, you little perv." *He's mine to break*, she thought, resuming the blowjob, her lips tight, sucking him deeper.

Jace laughed, thrusting harder. "How's it feel, kid, sharing your sister with a real man?" *This punk's out of his league*, he thought. Thad's rage boiled over. "How's it feel sharing a woman with someone who voted twice for Nixon, you fucking draft dodger?" he snarled, his voice venomous. *Take that, hippie.*

Jace cackled, unfazed. "I knew you must be a Republican, that explains why you're so fucked up." *Little prick's got some fight*, he thought, amused. McCourtney, annoyed by their bickering, pulled off Thad's cock. "Shut up, both of you," she snapped, climbing onto Thad, straddling him in the reverse cowgirl position, her pussy sinking onto his cock. *Time to take charge*, she thought, riding him hard, her ass bouncing, while she leaned forward to suck Jace's cock, her moans muffled. *They're both mine*, she thought, her body electric.

Thad groaned, her tight heat overwhelming. *She's fucking me, not him*, he thought, his hands gripping her hips. But he wasn't done. He flipped her onto her back. *I'm claiming her*, he thought, thrusting between her legs, his cock pounding her pussy, her moans spurring him on.

McCourtney, still sucking Jace, moaned around his cock, *Fuck, Thad's stepping up*, she thought, her body trembling.

Thad came first, his release a shuddering surge, *She's mine*, he thought, but McCourtney pulled off Jace, laughing. "That's it, little brother? Quick draw, huh?" *He's so easy to fuck with*, she thought, her cruelty sharp. Jace smirked, "Nice try, kid," and thrust into her mouth, coming hard, his load spilling over her face. *That's how it's done*, he thought,

grinning.

Thad's face burned, *They're mocking me*, he thought, rage and shame choking him. He stormed out, slamming the door, his cock still slick, his mind a storm. *I'm nothing to her*, he thought, the cicadas' scream amplifying his torment. McCourtney wiped her face, smirking at Jace. "He'll be back," she said, *They always come back*, she thought, her control absolute. Jace laughed, pulling her close. "You're one fucked-up chick," he said, *And I'm here for it*, he thought, as the night closed in, heavy with their sin.

Chapter 3

The Iowa sun beat down on the cracked asphalt of Main Street, the air heavy with dust and the promise of trouble. McCourtney had to run errands in town—groceries, cigarettes, and a new pack of Virginia Slims—and Thad, restless and possessive, insisted on tagging along. *She's up to something, and I'm not letting her out of my sight*, he thought, his mind still raw from the humiliating threesome with Jace. McCourtney sauntered out of the house in a short denim skirt that barely covered her ass and a tight, braless tank top, her nipples poking through the thin fabric. *Look at her, practically naked*, Thad thought, his jaw clenching as they climbed into the pickup truck, his cock twitching despite his anger. *Every guy in town's gonna stare*.

McCourtney caught his scowl and smirked, *He's jealous already*, she thought, her body tingling with the power she held over him. "What's your problem, little brother?" she teased, crossing her legs so her skirt rode higher, revealing a glimpse of her panties. *Let him squirm*, she thought, relishing his frustration.

"You're dressed like a fucking whore," Thad snapped, his hands gripping the steering wheel. "Every guy's gonna be all over you." *She's mine, not theirs*, he thought, his jealousy flaring at the thought of other men's eyes on her.

McCourtney laughed, sharp and mocking. "Shut up, Thad. You're just pissed 'cause you wanna screw me again." She leaned over, flashing her ass as she mooned him, her panties slipping down to reveal her bare cheeks. "Like what you see, perv?" she taunted, *He's so fucking easy*, she thought, her core tightening at his flushed face.

Thad's breath hitched, his cock hardening instantly. *Fuck, she's perfect*, he thought, torn between rage and lust. "You're gonna regret this," he

muttered, but before he could say more, the roar of motorcycles drowned him out. A biker gang rolled into town, their Harleys kicking up dust as they performed reckless stunts, weaving through the street, chugging beers and hollering. The townsfolk scattered, whispering about trouble, but McCourtney's eyes lit up. *Now this is fun*, she thought, her pulse racing at the raw energy of the gang.

To Thad's horror, McCourtney sauntered toward them, hips swaying, her skirt flipping in the breeze. "Nice bikes, boys," she called, her voice sultry, drawing their attention. The gang—Jailer, Harry, Robin, Big John, and Shades—grinned, their eyes raking her body. *Fucking hell, she's flirting with them*, Thad thought, his stomach churning, his cock betraying him with a throb. *She's gonna get us killed*.

"Hey, sexy, what's your deal?" Harry said, his leather vest open, revealing a tattooed chest. McCourtney smirked, leaning against a lamppost, her nipples hard under her top. "Just looking for some fun. Wanna come back to my place? Dad's out." *Let's see how wild this gets*, she thought, her body buzzing with anticipation.

Thad grabbed her arm, hissing, "Are you fucking crazy?" But she shook him off, laughing. "Lighten up, Thad. You're invited too." *He'll hate this, and I love it*, she thought, leading the gang back to the house, Thad trailing behind, his mind a storm of dread and arousal. *She's gonna fuck them, and I can't stop her*, he thought, his heart pounding.

Back at the house, the bikers sprawled across the living room, cracking beers and blasting Led Zeppelin from a portable radio. McCourtney, thriving on the chaos, bent over the couch in a deliberately sexy pose, her skirt riding up, panties barely covering her ass. *They're all watching*, she thought, her core tightening. Harry, his eyes locked on her, whistled. "Fuck, that's an ass," he said, stepping closer. *She's begging for it*, he thought, his cock stirring.

McCourtney glanced back, smirking. "What you waiting for, big guy?" Let's start the show, she thought, arching her back further. Harry didn't hesitate, lifting her skirt, yanking her panties to her knees, and burying his face in her ass, licking and kissing her cheeks, his tongue delving

between them. "Fuck, you taste good," he groaned, *This chick's wild*, he thought, his erection straining his jeans.

McCourtney moaned, *God, that's hot*, she thought, her body trembling with pleasure. Thad, watching from the corner, was appalled, his stomach twisting, but his cock throbbed painfully. *She's letting him do that right here*, he thought, torn between horror and arousal. Shades, pacing nearby, grew jealous. *I'm not letting Harry have her first*, he thought, shoving Harry away. Harry stumbled, landing on the floor, his obvious erection drawing laughs from the others. *Fucking embarrassing*, Harry thought, scrambling up.

Shades, eyes blazing, ripped McCourtney's skirt off, her panties already around her knees. She turned around to face him. "My turn," he growled, dropping his trousers, his cock hard and ready. He pushed her onto the couch, thrusting into her pussy, his movements rough and urgent. *She's tight as fuck*, he thought, groaning. "Fuck, yes," she gasped, *This is fucking intense*, she thought, her body shuddering. The others hollered, words of support and encouragement. She's loving it, Harry thought, stroking himself.

Thad's face burned, *This is disgusting*, he thought, but his cock was rock-hard, betraying him. *She's a fucking slut, and I want her*. Shades climaxed with a grunt, pulling out, and Harry, still hard, stepped forward, yanking his pants down. "My go," he said, but McCourtney cut in. "Enough of this couch shit," she barked "I wanna fuck on my dad's bed, let's do this right." *She's a fucking prize*, Harry thought, his eyes dark with intent.

McCourtney, panting, grinned. *Bring it on*, she thought, leading the way, Thad trailing behind, his mind a chaos of shame and desire. *I can't let them have her alone*, he thought, his heart pounding. In the bedroom, the bikers stripped her bare, her tank top and panties tossed aside, her body glowing in the lamplight. Robin went first, pushing her onto the bed, thrusting into her pussy with passionate, rhythmic strokes. "Fuck, you're wet," he groaned, *She's a fucking dream*, he thought, as McCourtney moaned, her legs wrapping around him, God,

he's good, she thought, her first orgasm hitting hard.

Harry followed, pulling her into a spooning position, taking her from behind, his cock sliding into her pussy, slow then fast. "You like that, you dirty bitch?" he growled, *She's taking it like a champ*, he thought. McCourtney gasped, "Fuck yes, harder," *They're all mine*, she thought, her second orgasm shuddering through her. Big John went next, flipping her onto her back, his thrusts deep and relentless. "Take it, slut," he grunted, *She's fucking insatiable*, he thought, as she came again, her cries echoing.

Finally, Jailer entered, his presence commanding. He dropped his trousers, his cock thick and hard. "On your knees," he ordered, *Time to finish this*, he thought. McCourtney, still trembling, crawled to him, wrapping her lips around his cock, sucking deep, her tongue swirling. *Fuck, he's huge*, she thought, working him eagerly, her moans muffled. Thad watched, his cock aching, *She's giving herself to them*, he thought, rage and arousal choking him.

Big John groaned, pulling out to come across her face, his load mixing with the sweat and chaos of the night. McCourtney licked her lips, smirking, *I'm the fucking queen*, she thought, her body spent but triumphant. The bikers, laughing and slapping hands, grabbed their beers and headed out, leaving McCourtney sprawled on the bed, her face glistening.

Thad stood frozen, his erection painful, his mind a storm. *She's a whore, and I'm still hard for her*, he thought, shame burning through him.

McCourtney looked at him, her smirk wicked. "Enjoy the show, little brother?" she purred, *He's still mine*, she thought, her control absolute. Thad turned and stumbled out, the cicadas' scream amplifying his torment, the weight of their sin heavier than ever.

Chapter 4

The Iowa night was a suffocating blanket, the heat pressing down on the clapboard house like a judgment. Thad lay in his bed, the sheets damp with sweat, his mind a churning storm of shame and desire. The memory of the biker gang's loving of McCourtney—Harry's tongue buried in her ass, Shades' thrusts, Jailer's cock in her mouth—played on a relentless loop. *She's out of control*, he thought, his cock throbbing despite his disgust. *She fucked five guys like it was nothing*, and I still want her. The cicadas screamed outside, amplifying his torment, and he tossed, unable to escape the image of her glistening pussy, her moans echoing in his skull. *She's dragging me to hell with her*.

His thoughts turned darker, grasping for a way out. *Maybe I should tell Father Lovebones*, he thought, picturing the local priest, a stern man with a booming voice who preached fire and brimstone at St. Mary's. *He'd know what to do with her... with us*. The idea of confessing their sins—McCourtney's teasing, their kitchen fuck, the threesome with Jace, the gang bang—made his stomach twist, but a part of him craved punishment, absolution. *She needs to be stopped*, he thought, imagining Lovebones' wrath. But the thought of betraying her sparked a pang of loyalty, or maybe obsession. *She's my sister, my... everything*. Exhausted, he drifted into a fitful sleep, the heat and guilt pulling him under.

In his dream, Thad stood in the dim confessional of St. Mary's, the air thick with incense and dread. He'd told Father Lovebones everything, his voice shaking as he spilled their sins. Lovebones, his face shadowed behind the screen, listened in silence, then stepped out, his eyes blazing. "You've both defiled God's law," he thundered, dragging McCourtney into the church by her arm. She wore her sheer nightie, her pubic hair stark through her panties, smirking defiantly. *She's not even sorry*, Thad thought, his dream-self torn between fear and arousal.

Lovebones bent McCourtney over a pew, his hand cracking against her ass in a punishing spank. “Repent, you harlot!” he bellowed, each slap echoing in the empty church. McCourtney gasped, but her gasps turned to moans, her hips arching into his hand. *She’s enjoying this*, Thad thought, his cock hardening in the dream. Lovebones’ stern facade cracked, his eyes darkening with lust. “You’re a temptress,” he growled, yanking her panties down, his fingers brushing her wet folds.

McCourtney smirked, *He’s just another man*, she thought, pulling him into the confessional box.

Thad watched, frozen, as they tore at each other, Lovebones’ robes hiked up, his cock thrusting into McCourtney’s pussy as she moaned, “Fuck me, Father, save my soul.” The confessional rocked with their rhythm, her legs wrapped around him, her pubic hair matted with arousal. *She’s corrupting him too*, Thad thought, his dream-self stroking himself, shame and desire blurring. The scene shifted, zooming in on McCourtney’s pussy—slick, swollen, her lips parted, glistening with need. *It’s better than I ever imagined*, he thought, the image consuming him.

Thad jolted awake, his breath ragged, his cock painfully hard. The room was dark, the heat oppressive, but the sight from his dream lingered—McCourtney’s pussy, up close, vivid and real. *Am I still dreaming?* he thought, confusion clouding his mind. Then he felt it: a weight on his chest, a warm, slick pressure against his face. McCourtney was there, naked, straddling him, her pussy grinding against his mouth, her pubic hair tickling his nose. *She’s real*, he thought, panic and arousal crashing together. *She snuck in to my bedroom.*

“Eat me, Thad,” she demanded, her voice low and commanding, bouncing her ass on his face, her thighs clamping tight. *He’s mine, awake or not*, she thought, her body buzzing with need. “Lick my pussy, you little perv, or I’ll scream and wake the whole fucking town.”

Thad’s hands gripped her hips, his mind reeling. *She’s insane, but I can’t stop*, he thought, his tongue diving into her folds, tasting her arousal, her clit swollen under his lips. She moaned, loud and shameless,

grinding harder, her ass bouncing with each thrust of her hips. “Fuck, that’s it, suck me good,” she gasped, *He’s learning*, she thought, her first orgasm building fast. Thad’s world narrowed to her pussy lips, her scent, her heat, *She’s everything*, he thought, his tongue working frantically, driven by her moans.

“Harder, you dirty fuck,” she hissed, her hands tangling in his hair, pulling him deeper. “You loved watching those bikers fuck me, didn’t you? Bet you jerked off thinking of my ass.” *He’s so fucking hooked*, she thought, her second orgasm surging, her cries sharp and raw. Thad’s cock throbbed, leaking against his sheets, *She’s right, I’m sick*, he thought, but he didn’t stop, his tongue flicking faster, her pussy pulsing against him.

McCourtney’s ass bounced relentlessly, her thighs trembling as she came, her juices flooding his mouth. “Fuck, yes, Thad!” she screamed, *He’s mine, all mine*, she thought, riding out her climax. Thad, overwhelmed, came without touching himself, his release soaking the sheets, *I’m damned*, he thought, shame drowning in the haze of her taste.

She slid off, panting, her smirk wicked as she wiped her thighs. “Not bad, little brother,” she purred, *He’s my toy, always will be*, she thought, slipping out as silently as she’d come. Thad lay there, spent, the cicadas’ scream a mocking chorus. *I can’t tell Lovebones. She’d ruin him too*, he thought, the weight of their sin a noose tightening around his soul. McCourtney, back in her room, lit a cigarette, her mind calm. Thad’s mine, and this town’s next, she thought, her next move already forming, a blade of chaos ready to cut deeper.

Chapter 5

The Iowa sun scorched the cracked sidewalks of the dusty nowhere town, its main street lined with faded storefronts. McCourtney strutted toward the center of town, her short denim skirt riding high, her braless tank top clinging to her curves, nipples poking through the thin fabric. *I fucking hate this place*, she thought, kicking a pebble into the gutter. *Boring, pathetic, a shithole stuck in time*. Her mind drifted to escape—Chicago, New York, somewhere pulsing with life. *I could be a famous actress, dazzling on a big screen, or a high-class prostitute for the mafia, fucking mob bosses for cash and power*, she fantasized, her lips curling at the thought of leaving this dead-end town behind. *Anything's better than this.*

Her boots clicked on the pavement as she headed for the town's run-down dance bar, a dive called Rusty's with neon signs flickering in the daylight. She spotted Jace's VW van parked out front, its tie-dye paint job unmistakable. *There's my man*, she thought, her core tightening at the prospect of his rough hands and thick cock. *He'll fuck me raw, make me forget this dump*. But as she approached the bar's grimy window, her heart stopped. Inside, Jace was locked in a heated make-out session with Rosa, a Mexican waitress, his hands roaming her curves, her dark hair tangled in his fingers. *That fucking bastard*, McCourtney thought, her blood boiling. *My man, with that Mexican bitch?*

McCourtney's bigotry flared, her resentment sharp and ugly. *He's mine, and he picks her over a white girl like me?* she seethed, her fists clenching. Rosa's laughter echoed through the glass, carefree and mocking. *I'll make her pay*, McCourtney vowed, her mind already spinning with sadistic plans. She waited, lurking in the shadows, until Rosa's shift ended and she slipped out, heading toward the woodlands on the town's edge, her waitress uniform swaying in the breeze.

McCourtney followed, silent as a predator, her boots crunching softly on the path. The woods were dense, the air thick with pine and the hum of insects. *Perfect spot*, she thought, her hand slipping to the switchblade in her pocket. She caught up to Rosa near a stream,

stepping out from the trees, her voice cold. “Thought you could steal my man, you fucking spic?”

Rosa turned, startled, then laughed, her eyes flashing defiance. “Jace don’t want a white girl no more, chica. He’s done with you.” *This bitch thinks she’s tough*, Rosa thought, standing her ground. McCourtney’s rage erupted. She lunged, grabbing Rosa’s hair, yanking hard. Rosa fought back, clawing at McCourtney’s face, tearing her tank top. They grappled, screaming, pulling hair, ripping clothes—McCourtney’s skirt tore, Rosa’s uniform shredded. *I’ll fucking destroy her*, McCourtney thought, adrenaline surging.

McCourtney gained the upper hand, slamming Rosa to the ground, straddling her. She ripped off Rosa’s remaining clothes, leaving her naked, vulnerable. “Let’s see how Jace likes you now,” McCourtney hissed, flicking open her switchblade. Rosa’s eyes widened, but McCourtney was relentless, slicing shallow cuts across Rosa’s face, then her arms, her stomach, blood welling in thin lines. “Not so pretty now, are you?” she taunted, *He’ll never touch her again*, she thought, her cruelty a twisted thrill. Rosa screamed, thrashing, but McCourtney pinned her, her blade flashing. In a final act of savagery, she carved off one of Rosa’s breasts, the flesh falling with a sickening thud.

McCourtney tossed it into the stream, watching it float away. *Good fucking riddance*, she thought, her heart pounding with dark triumph. Rosa, sobbing, scrambled toward the stream, desperate to retrieve it. McCourtney, cold and detached, rifled through Rosa’s torn clothes, finding a wallet. She pocketed the cash—twenty bucks—and tossed the rest aside. *Fucking worthless*, she thought, her anger still simmering. Rosa’s cries faded as McCourtney stalked back to town, her torn clothes and scratched face drawing stares, but she didn’t care. *They can all go to hell*, she thought, heading to the local general store.

Inside, she grabbed a vibrator from a discreet shelf, its packaging faded but promising. The shop owner, a nervous old man named Mr. Hensley, eyed her warily. “Been to church lately, McCourtney?” he asked, his hands trembling as he rang her up, clearly uncomfortable. *Fucking*

prude, she thought, smirking.

“Fuck off, Hensley,” she snapped, tossing the cash on the counter. “My mom had one just like it. I’m only buying it to remember her, you nosy bastard.” *As if I give a shit about Mom*, she thought, her lie sharp and defiant. Hensley muttered something about sin, but she was already out the door, the vibrator tucked in her bag.

Back home, the house was empty—Earl still at the VFW, Thad sulking in his room. McCourtney settled into a creaky rocking chair in front of the TV, the screen flickering with static as she waited for President Nixon’s address to the nation. *Nixon, that powerful, sexy bastard*, she thought, her body heating at the thought of him. *He’s got that nervous charm, that raw control—fuck, he turns me on*. She hiked up her skirt, no panties after the fight, and switched on the vibrator, its hum a low promise.

As Nixon’s voice crackled through the TV, his jowly face filling the screen, McCourtney pressed the vibrator to her clit, her pussy already wet. *Fuck me, Richard*, she thought, imagining his sweaty, awkward thrusts, his power pinning her down. “Milhous, oh, Milhous,” she moaned, shouting his middle name as she rocked against the toy, her hips bucking. *You’ve taken us to Vietnam, you sexy bastard, now take me to Ecstasy*, she thought, her fantasies wild—Nixon balling her in the Oval Office, his hands clumsy but commanding. The vibrator buzzed harder, and she came, a loud, shuddering climax, “Milhous!” echoing through the empty house. *Fucking king*, she thought, panting, her body spent but her mind still restless.

She switched off the TV, the vibrator slick in her hand, and lit a cigarette. *Rosa’s done, Jace is next*, she thought, her vengeance far from sated. This town won’t hold me, I’ll burn it down before I go.

Chapter 6

The Iowa dusk painted the town in a dull orange haze, the streets quiet except for the occasional sputter of a pickup truck. McCourtney was just walking the streets. *This fucking town can burn*, she thought, her mind still buzzing with the thrill of her cruelty towards Rosa and her Nixon-fueled climax. Her boots crunched on the gravel as she neared the edge of Main Street, but before she could slip away, a voice stopped her cold.

“McCourtney, hold up a second,” called Mr. Muffard, Thad’s art teacher, a wiry man with glasses and a perpetually furrowed brow. He stood outside the school, his tie loosened, his face grim. “I need to talk to you. It’s serious. Can you come inside for a moment?”

McCourtney’s eyes narrowed, *What’s this prick want?* she thought, but curiosity and a flicker of unease pulled her along. They entered his classroom, where Muffard shut the door and gestured to a desk covered with sketches. “I’m sorry if this offends you,” he said, his voice tight, “but Thad’s been drawing some... disturbing things in art class.” McCourtney leaned over, her tank top slipping to reveal her braless chest, and studied the drawings. Her breath caught, not from shock but from a twisted pride. The sketches were unmistakably her—graphic, indecent. One showed her at the dinner table, legs spread, her vagina detailed with obsessive care, pubic hair stark. Another depicted her and Thad fucking, her legs wrapped around him, his face buried in her neck. A third had Thad eating her pussy, her expression one of raw ecstasy. *Fuck, he’s got talent*, she thought, her core tightening at the raw desire in his lines. *Little brother’s got it bad*.

Muffard cleared his throat, uncomfortable. “These are clearly you, McCourtney. I think Thad has some kind of sexual problem. I’m worried about him—and you.” *This family’s a mess*, he thought, his hands fidgeting.

McCourtney saw her opening and played along, her face a mask of concern. “Oh, Mr. Muffard, it’s awful,” she said, her voice dripping with

fake sincerity. “Thad’s been... weird. He spies on me when I shower, just stands there staring. And my panties keep disappearing from the laundry. I don’t know what to do.” *Let’s see how he handles this*, she thought, enjoying the lie, her lips twitching with a suppressed smirk. Muffard’s face paled, but he pressed on, pulling out another stack of drawings. “It gets worse,” he said, his voice low. These sketches were darker—Thad stabbing McCourtney with a knife, blood pooling around her, her naked body twisted in death. “Has he ever threatened you? Or... have you done anything to lead him on? Forgotten to wear panties around the house, maybe crossed your legs in front of him? Made out with your boyfriend where he could see?”

McCourtney’s eyes flashed with irritation, *This fucker’s blaming me?* but she saw a chance to toy with him. She stepped closer, her voice sultry. “No, Mr. Muffard, I’m a good girl,” she purred, batting her lashes. “But does it turn you on, thinking of me without panties? Wish you were my boyfriend, fucking me instead?” *Let’s see if he breaks*, she thought, her hand brushing his arm.

Muffard recoiled, his face reddening. “Absolutely not,” he stammered, stepping back. “That’s the last thing on my mind, young lady.” *She’s trouble, just like her brother*, he thought, his resolve firm despite her proximity.

McCourtney’s smirk widened. “Wouldn’t mind if you did,” she said, peeling off her tank top, revealing her bare breasts, her nipples hard. She slid her skirt down, standing naked, and ran a hand between her thighs, touching herself. “Fuck me, Mr. Muffard. I know you want to.” *No man’s ever said no*, she thought, her arousal spiking at the challenge.

Muffard’s eyes widened, but his voice was steel. “Get out, McCourtney, or I’ll tell your father about this—and Thad’s drawings.” *She’s a harlot, plain and simple*, he thought, his moral compass unshaken, a rare strength against her seduction.

McCourtney’s face twisted with fury. *He’s rejecting me? Me?* she thought, incensed. No man had ever resisted her, and Muffard’s refusal

felt like a slap. She yanked her clothes back on, her movements sharp, and before storming out, she spun and kicked him hard in the balls. Muffard doubled over, gasping, “You harlot!” as she ran out, her laughter echoing in the hall. *Fucking prick, I’ll make him pay*, she thought, her rage a wildfire.

Outside, the night air did little to cool her anger. Muffard’s threat to tell Earl loomed, a danger she couldn’t ignore. *He’s gotta go*, she thought, her mind racing to the grenades Earl kept in a locked box under his bed, souvenirs from Vietnam. *One through his classroom window will shut him up*. She headed home, her plan forming, cold and ruthless. At the house, she pried open the box, pocketing a grenade, its weight a promise of destruction. *Muffard’s done*, she thought, slipping back into town, the streets dark and deserted.

At the school, she crept to the classroom window, spotting Muffard alone, hunched over papers, his face still pale from their encounter. Perfect, she thought, her fingers tightening around the grenade’s pin. But before she could act, Father Lovebones, the town’s stern priest, entered the room, his black robes sweeping the floor. *Fuck, now what?* McCourtney thought, ducking lower, peering through the glass. “What’s wrong, Steve?” Lovebones asked, his voice soft but probing. Muffard, wincing, stood. “Oh Ronald, some bitch kicked me in the balls,” he muttered, his voice bitter. *That McCourtney’s a devil*, he thought.

Lovebones raised an eyebrow. “Let me see the damage,” he said, his tone oddly intimate. Muffard hesitated, then, to McCourtney’s shock, dropped his trousers, revealing his bruised cock. Lovebones knelt, his hands gentle, caressing Muffard’s shaft. “Poor thing,” he murmured, then leaned in, kissing it softly before taking it into his mouth, sucking with slow, practiced care. *Holy fuck*, McCourtney thought, her eyes wide. *Gays? Here? I thought that shit was just in San Francisco*. Muffard groaned, his hands tangling in Lovebones’ hair, *God forgive me, but this feels right*, he thought, surrendering to the pleasure.

McCourtney’s shock turned to fascination, her hand slipping under her

skirt, fingers finding her clit. *This is fucking hot*, she thought, her arousal spiking as she watched Lovebones' lips work, Muffard's hips bucking. She rubbed herself, her pussy wet, the grenade forgotten in her other hand. *They're freaks, just like me*, she thought, her moans stifled as she came, her body trembling against the window frame. Lovebones and Muffard didn't notice, lost in their forbidden act, the classroom a secret sanctuary.

McCourtney slipped away, the grenade still in her pocket, her mind buzzing. *Muffard's got his own sins now*, she thought, a wicked plan forming. *I'll use this, ruin him if he talks*. The cicadas screamed as she headed home, her rage tempered by a new weapon—knowledge.

Chapter 7

The Iowa night was heavy with heat, the school's empty halls echoing with the faint creak of settling wood. Mr. Muffard, Thad's art teacher, was alone, locking up for the night, his mind still reeling from McCourtney's assault and the illicit encounter with Lovebones. *That girl's a devil, hurt my cock, but at least Ronald came round and kissed it better* he thought, his face flushed with hate and lingering pleasure. He adjusted his glasses, grabbed his satchel, and headed for the exit, the fluorescent lights buzzing overhead. But as he reached the doorway, a figure blocked his path—McCourtney, her silhouette stark against the moonlight, her short skirt and tight tank top accentuating her curves. One hand was hidden behind her back, and her smirk was pure malice. *What now?* Muffard thought, his stomach twisting.

"Haven't you done enough damage for one day?" he snapped, his voice sharp but unsteady. "Leave me alone, McCourtney." *She's trouble incarnate*, he thought, his homosexuality a shield against her heterosexual nonsense.

McCourtney's eyes gleamed, undeterred. "I can draw too, Mr. Muffard," she purred, her voice dripping with menace. "Wanna see my work?" Without waiting for a reply, she whipped out a sheet of paper from behind her back, holding it up like a trophy. Muffard's heart stopped. The sketch, crude but unmistakable, depicted Father Lovebones on his knees, Muffard's cock in his mouth, the confessional's shadows framing their sin. Every detail—the curve of Muffard's shaft, the tension in Lovebones' jaw—was captured with vicious accuracy. *She saw us*, he thought, panic surging.

"I don't think I'm as talented as Thad," McCourtney said, her tone mocking, "but I reckon I captured the moment. Don't you?" *Got you now, you prissy fuck*, she thought, relishing his horror.

Muffard's face drained of color, but he squared his shoulders, clinging to defiance. "The love I have for Ronald is pure," he said, his voice trembling but firm. "Your relationship with your brother is impure,

McCourtney. You're corrupting him, dragging him into your filth." *She's a monster, and I won't let her twist this*, he thought.

McCourtney laughed, throaty and cruel. "Corrupting him? He's loving every fucking minute of it," she said, stepping closer, her eyes blazing. "Thad's drawings? All real. Started at the breakfast table one morning. Forgot my panties, dropped my fork, asked Thad to pick it up. Poor boy got a good look between my thighs, saw my pussy, and he's been obsessed with fucking me ever since." *He's mine, and I made him*, she thought, her core tightening at the memory of his hungry stares, his desperate thrusts.

Muffard recoiled, his disgust palpable. "You're sick," he whispered, *She's beyond redemption*, he thought, his hands clenching. "What do you want? To blackmail me for money? Name your price and get out." McCourtney's smirk widened, her voice cold as steel. "Money? Nah, I want you to kill Jace for me." *That cheating bastard's gotta pay*, she thought, her rage at Jace's betrayal with Rosa still burning. "He's my man, and he fucked around. I want him gone."

Muffard's jaw dropped, horror washing over him. "You're insane," he said, shaking his head. "I won't murder for you, or anyone. You're out of your mind." *She's a psychopath*, he thought, his refusal absolute despite the fear gnawing at him.

McCourtney stepped closer, waving the drawing like a weapon. "Think carefully, Muffard. You and Lovebones, sucking each other off? Town'll eat you alive if this gets out. No more teaching, no more preaching for your boyfriend. You'll be run out, or worse." *He's trapped, and I'm pulling the strings*, she thought, her power intoxicating. She leaned in, her voice a taunting whisper. "You and me, we got a lot in common. Both love sucking cock, don't we?"

Muffard's face twisted with rage. "We have nothing in common," he spat. "You're a monster, McCourtney. And for the record, I'm probably a better cocksucker than you'll ever be." *She won't break me*, he thought, his defiance a spark in the face of her threat.

McCourtney's eyes narrowed, but her smirk didn't falter. "Clock's

ticking, Muffard,” she said, tucking the drawing into her skirt. “Jace needs to be dead, and soon. Don’t test me.” *He’ll crack, they all do*, she thought, turning on her heel and sauntering out, her hips swaying deliberately, leaving Muffard trembling in the doorway.

He stood frozen, the weight of her threat crushing him. *She’ll destroy us*, he thought, picturing Lovebones’ face, their secret exposed, their lives ruined. *But murder? I can’t*. The school’s silence pressed in, broken only by the distant scream of cicadas, a chorus to his dread.

McCourtney, striding back to the house, felt invincible. *Muffard’s mine, and Jace is as good as dead*, she thought, her mind already spinning new webs of chaos.

Chapter 8

McCourtney strode home from cheerleader practice, her short pleated skirt swishing, her crop top damp with sweat, her mind a cauldron of schemes. *This town's a fucking prison*, she thought, her blackmail of Mr. Muffard and Father Lovebones a lifeline to her power. *Jace is done, and Muffard's my weapon*. At the house, she kicked off her sneakers, grabbed the rotary phone, and dialed Muffard's number, her fingers drumming impatiently. *Time to tighten the screws*, she thought, her lips curling into a wicked smirk.

Muffard answered, his voice tense. "What do you want now, McCourtney?" *She's relentless*, he thought, his stomach churning at the memory of her drawing—his forbidden love for Lovebones immortalized in pornographic detail.

"Listen up, teach," McCourtney ordered. "Jace is a scummy hippy, selling weed and pills to school kids. He's trash, Muffard. Probably get drafted to Vietnam and die in a ditch anyway, brains blown out by the gooks. You really gonna let him ruin you and Lovebones?" *He's cracking, I can feel it*, she thought, leaning back in the kitchen chair, her skirt riding up. "You know what happens if I tell everyone you and the priest are fags. Town'll burn you both."

Muffard's breath hitched, *She's got us by the throat*, he thought, his love for Lovebones a decade-long anchor. "How long have you and Father Lovebones been together?" she asked, her tone mocking.

"Ten years," he admitted, his voice low, *Ten years of stolen moments, pure and true*. "Do you really want to destroy that over one scummy hippy like Jace?" she pressed, *He's mine now*, she thought, sensing his resolve waver.

Muffard exhaled, defeated. "Fine. I'll do it," he said, his voice hollow. "But I don't know how to... kill someone." *God forgive me*, he thought, his moral compass shattered.

"Don't worry, I got it all figured out," McCourtney said, her mind already mapping out a plan. *Easy*, she thought. But a creak from the

front door cut her off. "Someone's here. We'll talk later," she hissed, hanging up, her pulse quickening. *Who's that?* she thought, listening as footsteps shuffled toward Thad's room. *Little brother's home.*

She crept to the hallway, spotting Thad's door ajar. A glint caught her eye—a small hole drilled in the wall between his room and hers, barely noticeable. *You want a show, eh, Thad?* she thought, a wicked grin spreading. *Let's give him something to jerk off to.* She slipped into her room, certain he was peering through the peephole, his breath shallow with anticipation. *Fucking perv,* she thought, her core tightening at the thought of his obsession.

McCourtney began undressing, slow and seductive, peeling off her cheerleader skirt, letting it drop to reveal her panties, then sliding off her crop top, her breasts bouncing free. She bent over in front of the peephole, her ass inches from the wall, panties stretched tight, pubic hair faintly visible. *Look at that, you little creep,* she thought, lingering, swaying her hips, ensuring he got a full view. She swapped into a red crop top and black panties, then sprawled on her bed, pretending to fall asleep, her legs slightly parted, *Come on, Thad, take the bait,* she thought, her body tingling with anticipation.

Thad, his cock already hard from the show, *She's fucking perfect,* crept into her room, his heart pounding. *She's asleep, I can touch her,* he thought, his guilt drowned by desire. He knelt beside her, his hand trembling as it traced her leg, starting at her foot, sliding up her calf, pausing at her thigh, her skin warm and soft. *God, I need her,* he thought, his cock throbbing. McCourtney, eyes closed, kept still, *He's so predictable,* she thought, suppressing a smirk.

She rolled over, her back to him, feigning a sleepy murmur. Thad, emboldened, hooked his fingers in her panties, slowly pulling them down, exposing her bare ass. *Fuck, it's better than I dreamed,* he thought, his breath ragged. She moaned sensually, "Oh, yeah," as if half-asleep, *Keep going, perv,* she thought, her arousal spiking. Thad leaned closer, his hands caressing her ass, his lips brushing her cheeks, then burying his face between them, kissing and licking, *She's*

everything, he thought, lost in her scent.

McCourtney moaned again, shifting slightly, *He's eating it up*, she thought, her body responding despite her act. She rolled onto her back, Thad now hovering over her, his eyes wild. He lifted her top, exposing her breasts, and kissed her midsection, her moans louder, "Oh, Jace, I want you," she cried, *Let's fuck with him*, she thought, knowing it'd sting.

Thad's jealousy flared, *Jace? Fuck that hippie*, he thought, his hands squeezing her breasts, kissing them, licking her nipples, sucking hard. *She's mine*, he thought, his rage fueling his hunger. McCourtney's eyes snapped open, her voice sharp. "Enjoying yourself, little perv?" *Got you*, she thought, pinning him to the floor in a swift move, straddling his chest.

"What the fuck, McCourtney?" Thad gasped, *She was awake?* his face burning with shame. She leaned down, her breath hot against his ear. "You're in deep shit for those drawings, Thad," she hissed. "Drawing me spreading my legs at dinner, you eating my pussy, us fucking? Muffard showed me everything, you sick fuck." *He's gonna pay*, she thought, her anger real but laced with twisted pride.

"I... I couldn't help it," Thad stammered, *She's gonna kill me*, his cock still hard despite his fear. McCourtney smirked, sliding down to sit on his face, her pussy pressing against his mouth, panties still around her thighs. "Eat me, or I'll tell Dad everything."

Thad, trapped, *I'm fucked, but I want her*, plunged his tongue into her, licking her clit, her pubic hair tickling his nose. *She's so wet*, he thought, his shame drowning in her taste. McCourtney moaned, bouncing her ass on his face, "Fuck, yes, lick it good, you perv," *He's still mine*, she thought, her orgasm building fast. She came, loud and shuddering, her juices flooding his mouth, *Take that, you little shit*, she thought, as Thad, overwhelmed, came in his jeans, *I'm damned*, he thought, his mind a haze. "Consider yourself cut off, little brother," she said, grinding against him. "No more fucking me, not after those drawings". She slid off, pulling up her panties, her smirk cruel. *He's learned his*

lesson... for now, she thought, leaving him sprawled on the floor, the cicadas' scream a mocking chorus. Thad lay there, She owns me, and I hate it, his obsession and guilt a chain tighter than ever. McCourtney, back in her room, lit a cigarette, Muffard's on board, Thad's under control—Jace is next, she thought.

Chapter 9

The Iowa sun blazed high, scorching the town's cracked asphalt and bathing the construction site in a merciless glare. Mr. Muffard, Thad's art teacher, sat in his sweltering sedan, his hands trembling on the wheel, McCourtney's ultimatum a noose around his tortured soul: Kill Jace, or I expose you and Lovebones.

I'm no murderer, he thought, sweat beading on his brow as he tried to talk himself out of it. On the passenger seat lay McCourtney's tools of death—a pickaxe, its blade glinting with cruel promise, and a white sack with jagged eyeholes, her perverse idea of a disguise. *She's the devil incarnate*, he thought, his love for Father Lovebones, a decade-long secret, the only anchor keeping him from nervous collapse.

At the construction site, Jace worked shirtless, his lean, bronzed body slick with sweat, long hair tied back, beard framing a rugged jaw. His muscles rippled as he hauled beams, his tight jeans hugging his ass, a bulge evident at his crotch. Muffard watched from the shadows, *He can't be all bad*, he thought, grasping for excuses to spare him. *Blue-collar grit, earning an honest wage—maybe McCourtney lied about the drugs*. Jace's all-American vigor, despite the hippy aesthetic, stirred Muffard's loins, his gaze lingering on Jace's chiseled chest, the V of his hips, the faint trail of hair leading to his groin. *He's fucking gorgeous, wasted on women, especially that cunt McCourtney*, Muffard thought, his cock twitching in his slacks. The image of Jace fucking McCourtney flashed—her legs spread, his thick cock pounding her wet pussy, her moans filthy and loud—but revulsion snapped him back. *She's poison, and he's better than that*, he thought, shaking off the thought.

Jace finished his shift, hopped into his VW van, and peeled out, dust swirling in the midday heat. Muffard followed, his heart hammering, *I can't do this*, but McCourtney's drawing—of Ronald, beloved in the community as Father Lovebones, sucking Muffard's cock, lips stretched around his shaft—condemned Muffard to kill. He lost Jace in the town's labyrinth of backroads, *Damn it!* he cursed, weaving frantically through

the seedier districts, past pawn shops, X-rated movie theaters and dive bars. Finally, he spotted the van parked in a rough part of town, its tie-dye paint job glaring under the sun. He detected movement inside, van rocked rhythmically. *He's in there*, Muffard thought, gripping the pickaxe, slipping the white sack over his head, the eyeholes warping his vision. *God forgive me*, he whispered, the fabric clinging to his sweaty face.

Unbeknownst to Muffard, Jace wasn't alone. During the period that Muffard had lost sight of the vehicle, Jace had picked up two female hippie hitchhikers—Jenny, a cotton candy blonde in tight hot pants that hugged her ass and a halter top barely containing her perky tits, and Sandy, a long-haired brunette in a flowing kaftan, her curves hidden but her eyes glassy with a stoned haze. Inside the van, they lounged on a stained mattress, negotiating for grass. "We're short on cash," Jenny said, flashing a few crumpled bills, her nipples poking through her top. "The bikers had no problem selling us grass for this."

Jace smirked, stroking his beard, his cock already half-hard. "Those biker dudes got busted by the sheriff," he said, *Fucking idiots*, he thought. "Kidnapped a Black baby from its cot, then fed it to a dog...just for kicks, man. Mean bastards, on a race trip. Sheriff ain't sweet on colored folk either, but even he couldn't ignore that bad shit. Feared another Watts riot if he did." *Sick fucks*, he thought, shrugging. Jenny and Sandy gasped, clutching each other, their bare thighs brushing. "That's fucking awful," Sandy said, *Those psychos*, she thought, her kaftan slipping to reveal a glimpse of her heavy breasts. Jace's eyes gleamed, his cock now straining his jeans. "Lucky for you, I'm horny as fuck. Throw your pussies my way, and I'll sell you the grass." *Two tight cunts for me*, he thought, licking his lips.

The women hesitated, *He's a sleaze*, Jenny thought, but the lure of drugs softened their resolve. "What's the deal?" Jenny asked, her hot pants riding up, exposing her ass cheeks. Jace grinned, "Make out, tongue each other's cunts, get me hard. I've always wanted to see female faggots go at it. Then I'll introduce some cock to the equation."

Fucking jackpot, he thought, sweetening the deal. “Do it, and I’ll toss in a pair of Led Zeppelin tickets.”

They relented, *Zeppelin’s worth it*, Sandy thought, peeling off Jenny’s halter top, her fingers grazing Jenny’s nipples, hard and pink. Jenny moaned, kissing Sandy’s neck, tugging off her kaftan to reveal massive, swaying tits, nipples dark and erect, a thick bush between her thighs.

Fuck, she’s stacked, it’s melon season, Jace thought, palming his cock as Jenny knelt, burying her face in Sandy’s hairy pussy, licking her clit with slow, wet strokes, Sandy’s moans loud, *God, that’s good*, she thought, sipping from a Coke bottle, her free hand pinching her own nipple.

Jace, grinned at the bottle. “Fuck her with it,” he ordered, *Let’s get nasty*. Sandy slid the bottle’s neck into Jenny’s dripping pussy, pumping it deep, Jenny’s gasps sharp, *Fucking wild*, she thought, her hips bucking. Jace, rock-hard, yanked his jeans down, his thick cock springing free, veins pulsing. “Suck me, Sandy,” he growled, guiding her lips to his shaft. She sucked him deep, her tongue swirling around his head, *Tastes like sweat*, she thought, while Jenny, left to herself, fucked the bottle, her pussy clenching, moans muffled.

Jace pulled Jenny onto all fours, her ass high, head between Sandy’s thighs, lapping at her slick folds. He spat on his cock, easing into Jenny’s tight ass, *Fuck, she’s gripping me*, he thought, thrusting hard, her moans vibrating against Sandy’s clit. “Take it, you dirty slut,” he grunted, pounding until he pulled out, coming hot and thick across Jenny’s ass cheeks, the cum dripping down her thighs. *Fucking perfect*, he thought, panting.

They collapsed, sweaty and spent. “Gotta take a piss,” Jace said, *Best fuck in weeks*, he thought, zipping up and stepping out into the blazing daylight. The moment he emerged, Muffard, sack over his head, lunged, swinging the pickaxe with a strangled cry. The blade sank into Jace’s chest, blood gushing, his eyes wide as he crumpled, dead in the dirt. *I did it*, Muffard thought, horror and relief colliding, his hands shaking.

Jenny and Sandy screamed, their naked bodies pressed together, *He’s*

fucking dead! they thought, scrambling for their clothes, Jenny's ass still slick with cum. Muffard froze, *Women? He was with women?* his plan shattering. He bolted for his car, the sack blurring his vision, and fumbled for his keys, dropping them on the floor. *Fuck!* he thought, the women's shrieks drawing eyes. Two passing policemen, alerted by the commotion, shouted, "Freeze!"

Muffard, panicking, turned, reaching into his pocket for his driver's license, *I can explain*, he thought, desperate to prove his identity. The cops, mistaking the move for a weapon, opened fire, bullets ripping through his chest. He collapsed, blood spilling under the midday sun, the sack soaked red. The policemen approached, yanking off the sack, revealing Muffard's lifeless face. "It's the fucking teacher," one said "Why did he kill that hippy?" The other spat, "Can't blame him. Should've pinned a medal on him, not pumped him full of lead." *Fucking longhairs*, he thought, as the women's sobs echoed, the van a crime scene, Jace's blood baking in the dirt.

Back at the house, McCourtney, unaware of the carnage, lounged in her red top and black panties, Thad's face-sitting punishment a fresh triumph. *Jace is as good as gone*, she thought. The cicadas screamed, a relentless hymn to the town's unraveling, as Muffard's sacrifice and Jace's death ignited a fire that no one could outrun, or could they?

Chapter 10

As if in mourning itself the Iowa sun hung low over the town's cemetery, where most of the community gathered for Mr. Muffard's funeral. Father Lovebones stood at the graveside, his black robes fluttering, delivering a eulogy with the trembling voice of a secret lover. "We will all miss Steven Muffard, a dedicated teacher, a man of principle," he said, his eyes glistening. *My love, gone forever*, he thought, his heart breaking beneath his priestly facade. McCourtney, in a tight black dress that hugged her curves, stood among the mourners, her face a mask of false grief. *Yeah, but you're the only one who'll miss his cock*, she thought, smirking inwardly, *Fucking hypocrite, preaching while you sucked him off*. Her role in Muffard's death—blackmailing him into killing Jace, leading to his own demise—felt like a twisted victory. *He's gone, Jace is gone, I'm untouchable*, she thought, her core tingling with power.

As the crowd dispersed, McCourtney lingered, waiting until the cemetery was empty. She crept back to Muffard's grave, hiking up her dress and squatting over the fresh dirt. "Here's what I think of you, you cissy fuck," she muttered, pissing on the grave, the hot stream soaking the soil, a final mockery of his memory. *Rest in piss*, she thought, adjusting her panties and strutting away, the cicadas' scream a fitting chorus to her defiance.

Back home, the house felt hollow without Thad, who'd been sent on a school trip for a few days. *Fucking boring without him to mess with*, McCourtney thought, her usual thrills—getting screwed by Jace's cock, Muffard's fear of committing murder—now gone. *Jace is dead, Muffard is dealt with, what's left?* Her only spark of excitement was the upcoming Nixon speech on TV that night. *Milhous, my king*, she thought, her pussy already wet at the thought of the president. She'd ensured Earl would be out, slipping him cash for the VFW, *Drink yourself stupid, Dad*, and bought fresh batteries for her vibrator, its

hum a promise of ecstasy.

McCourtney's room was a shrine to Richard Nixon—photos plastered on the walls, his jowly face staring from every angle, meeting Earl's bootstrap republican approval, *At least she's not a liberal*, he'd said. She picked up a framed picture, tracing Nixon's face, her tongue flicking out to lick it, slow and sexual, tasting the glass. *Fuck, I want you*, she thought. She wondered if he would ever consider posing nude in erotic magazines after leaving office, she liked imagining him naked in a magazine post-presidency, his cock thick and veiny, hers for the taking. *He'd leave Pat for me*, she fantasized, her fingers brushing her clit through her purple flowery panties, her arousal spiking.

The phone's shrill ring shattered her reverie. She grabbed it, annoyed, Who the fuck? It was Thad, his voice smug from a payphone. "Bet you're sexually frustrated, huh, McCourtney? Me gone, Jace dead—nobody to fuck you," he taunted, *She's gotta be desperate*, he thought, his cock stirring despite his distance.

McCourtney laughed, turning the tables. "You wouldn't get any pussy even if you were here, Thad," she shot back, *Fucking loser*, she thought. "And you? Stuck on that school trip, no girls, no jerking off in those barracks. Bet your balls are blue already." *He's so easy to break*, she thought, smirking.

Thad's voice grew heated, horny. "What color panties are you wearing?" he asked, *Fuck, I need her*, his cock hardening in his jeans. She teased, "Not telling," but relented, "Purple, with flowers, you little perv." *Let's see how far he goes*, she thought.

"Take 'em down," he growled, *I can see her pussy in my mind*.

McCourtney demanded, "What'd you do if you were here, huh?" The call turned pornographic, her voice low and filthy. "I'd rip those panties off, spread your thighs, and eat your wet pussy till you scream," Thad said, *Fuck, I'm hard*, his hand itching to stroke himself. McCourtney stripped, tossing her dress, sliding her panties down, her fingers plunging into her slick folds, holding Nixon's photo, projecting Thad's words onto her fantasy of Nixon. "I'd fuck you raw, pound your tight

cunt, make you beg," Thad continued, *She's mine*.

McCourtney moaned, rubbing her clit, *Nixon's fucking me, his cock so big*. "Oh, Richard," she cried as she came, her orgasm shuddering through her, juices soaking the bed. Thad froze, *Richard? Who the fuck's Richard?* jealousy flaring. "You got a new guy?" he snarled, *She's cheating on me?*

"Calm down, idiot," McCourtney laughed, *Fucking baby*, catching her breath. "Now do the same, jerk off for me, Thad. Prove you love me." *Let's humiliate him*, she thought, grinning.

"I can't, I'm on a payphone in the middle of town," Thad protested, *Fuck, she's crazy*, his cock throbbing. McCourtney's voice turned cold. "Don't care. Drop your trousers, stroke that cock, or you're nothing to me, you're shit." *Do it, you weak fuck*, she thought.

Thad, desperate, *She owns me*, unzipped, his cock springing free, stroking it in the open street, *This is insane*, he thought, his face burning. An old woman, approaching the payphone, gasped, "You filthy boy!" shouting for the police, *Pervert!* Thad yanked his trousers up, bolting down an alley, heart pounding, *Fuck, I'm screwed*.

He collided with a young woman, her milkshake splashing over her plain brown dress, flyers scattering. "I'm so sorry," Thad stammered, wiping the mess, his hands brushing her chest. She flinched, *Don't touch me*, her glasses glinting, braces flashing as she frowned. Thad grabbed the flyers—religious tracts for a prayer meeting. *Jesus stuff*, he thought, his cock still half-hard from McCourtney's call.

She caught him reading, her voice soft but backed up with firm religious conviction. "Do you have a friend in gentle Jesus?"

He looks lost, she thought. Thad scoffed, "I'm beyond saving," *McCourtney's damned me*, he thought, but her conservative look—long skirt, no makeup, the opposite of McCourtney's slutty vibe—stirred him. *She's pure, maybe my salvation*, he thought, his cock twitching. "I'm Melody," she said, *He needs guidance*, offering a shy smile. "Come to the prayer meeting. It's not too late." Thad, smitten, grinned, "It's a date." Melody's face hardened, "Not a date with me, a date with gentle

Jesus." *He's trouble, but Jesus saves*, she thought, as Thad nodded, *She's nothing like McCourtney, but I want to fuck her anyway*, his mind torn between sin and redemption.

Back at the house, McCourtney lit a cigarette, Nixon's photo still in hand, *Thad's jealous, and I'm still queen*, she thought, the TV warming up for Nixon's speech, her vibrator ready. The cicadas screamed, a hymn to the town's unraveling, a promise of new sins and salvations.

Chapter 11

The Iowa evening was thick with the hum of crickets as Thad trudged toward the prayer meeting. The venue was a tiny, former storefront shop, its cracked windows papered with Bible verses, now doubling as a makeshift church. A hand written banner read "Salvation House". Thad loitered outside, his stomach churning, *I don't belong here*, he thought, his mind a tangle of guilt and McCourtney's lingering hold—her purple panties, her pussy grinding on his face, her mocking voice on the phone. *I'm damned, and these Jesus freaks'll see right through me.* His jeans still carried the faint, dry stains of his public humiliation, the memory of the old woman's screams and his frantic escape still fresh. Melody spotted him from the doorway, her plain brown dress and long skirt a stark contrast to McCourtney's whore allure, her glasses glinting with earnest, Christian warmth. "Thad, you came!" she called, her braces flashing as she smiled, *He's troubled, but the Lord brought him here*, she thought. Thad's resolve wavered, *She's so pure, I can't say no*, and he shuffled inside, his boots scuffing the worn linoleum.

The room was cramped, filled with a dozen mismatched chairs and a small altar draped in white cloth. A handful of congregants—former drunks, junkies, whores, ex-cons, and other lost souls—murmured prayers, their faces lit by candlelight. Melody guided Thad to a seat, her hand brushing his arm, *He's scared, but I'll help him*, she thought.

"Thank you for coming," she said softly, her voice like a balm. "I know it's hard, but you're welcome here."

Thad squirmed, *I'm unworthy of this place, of her*, he thought, his eyes fixed on Melody—Miss Melody, as he called her, Miss Melody's conservative grace a lifeline he thought he'd never have. "I don't fit in, Miss Melody," he muttered, They're clean, I'm filthy. "I'm... not good enough for you or these folks."

Melody's eyes softened, *He's carrying a heavy burden*, she thought, sitting beside him. "All here were sinners once, Thad. We're all on our

way to being saved, moving slowly up the almighty's staircase. You can be too." Her sincerity pierced him, *She's nothing like McCourtney*, he thought, his heart aching with a flicker of hope, of salvation.

"You're so kind, so lovely," Thad said, his voice breaking. "You've restored my faith in women, Miss Melody. I was starting to think all women were whores, but now I realize it's mostly just my sister."

McCourtney's a demon, but she's not you, he thought, his cock twitching traitorously at the memory of her ass, her pussy, her cruel dominance.

Melody tilted her head, *His sister's the key to his pain*, she instinctively thought, her voice gentle but probing. "Tell me about your sister, Thad. I'm sure she's at the root of your troubles." *The Lord's guiding me to help him*, she thought, her Christian faith unwavering.

Thad's face flushed, shame and confession warring within him. *Can I tell her?* he thought, his hands trembling. "I... I've slept with her," he blurted, his voice a hoarse whisper. "Do you understand what I'm saying, Miss Melody? My penis has been inside my own sister's body. I've... even feasted upon her anus, and licked her pussy till she screamed. There's no hope for me." *I'm a monster*, he thought, tears pricking his eyes, expecting her to recoil.

Melody's breath caught, *Such a grievous sin*, she thought, but her face remained calm, her Christianity a steady anchor. "As long as there's faith, there's hope," she said, her voice firm. "Even for sins like incest, there's forgiveness if you're serious enough, Thad. The Lord's mercy is boundless." *He's not beyond saving*, she thought, her heart swelling with newfound purpose. "I'll help you. It hasn't escaped my attention that you look upon me as a woman. As a Christian, I of course reject sex before marriage, but I can't reject the Lord's plans for us. There's a reason He brought us together. If that reason is that one day I am to be your wife, a homemaker and the bearer of your children, then so be it." Thad's breath hitched, *She'd be mine?* he thought, a vision of salvation—Melody in a white dress, pure and untouched, erasing McCourtney's sexual taint. He fell to his knees, overcome, his arms

wrapping around her midsection, his face pressed against her skirt. “I pray that’s true, Miss Melody,” he choked out, tears streaming. “Gentle Jesus, enter my life, save me from her, from myself.” *Miss Melody is my redemption*, he thought, his heart pounding with a mix of reverence and desire, her pure, god fearing conservatism a stark contrast to McCourtney’s filthy seduction.

Melody rested a hand on his shoulder, *The Lord’s working through him*, she thought, her own heart stirring with a quiet resolve, the lyrics to the hymn ‘*What a friend we have in Jesus*’ playing in her joyous heart.

*What a friend we have in Jesus
All our sins and griefs to bear
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer*

*O what peace we often forfeit
O what needless pain we bear
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer*

“Rise, Thad,” she said, *He’s on the path, but it’s a long, hard one*. The congregants, unaware of the profundity of Thad’s spiritual awakening continued their own prayers, the room a fragile sanctuary against the temptation that Thad knew would be waiting back home.

The sun beat down mercilessly, baking the cracked sidewalks as McCourtney strutted home, her cut-off jeans riding low, exposing her hip bones, and her halter top barely containing her braless breasts, nipples poking through the thin fabric. *This town’s a fucking graveyard*, she thought, her mind restless without Thad’s pathetic obsession or Jace’s cock to toy with. Muffard’s death was a triumph, but it left her craving chaos. *Need something to stir this shithole up*, she thought, her

switchblade heavy in her pocket.

A sudden roar shattered the quiet—the guttural snarl of motorcycles.

McCourtney's pulse quickened, *No fucking way*, she thought, recognizing the biker gang that she had banged. The pack rolled up, leather vests gleaming, led by Harry, a cigarette dangling from his lips. "Hi, sweet cheeks, remember me?" he called, his grin predatory, *That ass is still prime*, he thought, eyeing her curves.

McCourtney smirked, sauntering over, hips swaying. "Sure do, Harry. You rode me good," she purred, *Fucked my ass raw*, she thought, her pussy tingling at the memory. "Thought you boys were in the slammer." Harry laughed, spitting into the dust. "Yeah, they picked us up for killing that tarbaby. Seemed like a good way to help the country—too many coloreds around anyhow. German shepherd sniffed the kid, then chomped his guts. Thought I'd never stop laughing." *Fucking hilarious*, he thought, recalling the headline McCourtney had seen: "White Nuts Feed Baby to Hungry Dog, Just For Laughs." She'd cackled at the same headline, *Sick bastards, my kind of people*.

"How'd you get out?" she asked, *Bet it's a story*, leaning closer, her cleavage in his face. Harry grinned, "That teacher prick killing the hippy with a pickaxe fucked up their case. They thought he might have done the black kid too, so the sheriff cut us loose." *Dumbass cops*, he thought.

McCourtney's eyes lit up, *Muffard's fuck-up freed them? Perfect*, she thought. "Cool. Wanna ball? My house ain't far," she said, *Let's fuck this town up*, her core throbbing with anticipation.

"Nah, got business," Harry said, his voice darkening. "That priest, Father Lovebones, thought he was a big man, said he'd testify against us. Now he's gonna take a vow of silence." *Fucking snitch*, he thought, cracking his knuckles.

McCourtney's arousal spiked at the promise of violence, *Blood and cock, my favorite*, she thought. "Mind if I tag along? Lovebones is a fucking hypocrite. Caught him blowing Muffard, the schoolteacher, in the schoolhouse. Sucked him like a pro." *Fucking fags, hiding behind*

their Bible, she thought, her bigotry flaring.

Harry's face twisted with disgust, *A queer priest? He's dead*, he thought, his hatred surging. "Hop on, sweet cheeks," he said, This'll be fun.

McCourtney climbed onto his bike, her hands sliding to his crotch, fondling his hardening cock through his jeans before wrapping her arms around his waist, *Gonna be a wild ride*, she thought, her pussy wet as the bike roared toward the church.

At St. Mary's, Father Lovebones was alone, locking up for the day, his black robes heavy with the weight of Muffard's death. *My love, gone, how can life be so cruel*, he thought, his heart raw. The door crashed open, the biker gang storming in—Harry, Robin, Big John, Shades, Jailer, and McCourtney—surrounding him like wolves. "What do you want?" Lovebones demanded, his voice flickering with fear. He spotted McCourtney, her halter top tight, jeans low, smirking wickedly.

"McCourtney, what are you doing here? Surely you don't associate with these outlaw motorcyclists." *She's fallen so far*, he thought, clutching his rosary.

McCourtney laughed, stepping forward, "Well, if it ain't the Reverend Cocksucker. Tell me, did you ever blow Muffard in the confessional?" *Fucking got him*, she thought, relishing his shock.

Lovebones' face paled. "What do you know of Steven and I?" he whispered, *Lord, protect us*.

"Sure, saw you sucking him off in the schoolhouse," McCourtney said, her voice dripping with mockery. "For what it's worth, your technique was great—lips tight, throat deep." *Fucking queer*, she thought, as the bikers roared with laughter, *What a fag*, Harry thought, spitting.

Lovebones' eyes blazed, "I bet you set him up, didn't you?" *She's the devil*, he thought, his grief turning to rage. McCourtney grinned, "Talked him into killing Jace for me. Pity he got himself killed—my fault for sending a cissy to do a man's job." *Weak fuck*, she thought, her cruelty a thrill.

Lovebones snapped, lunging at her, his foot slamming into her crotch, *You vile harlot!* he thought, pain exploding through her pussy.

McCourtney doubled over, gasping, *Fucking bastard*, as Robin grabbed Lovebones from behind, pinning his arms. Big John seized a statue of the Virgin Mary, smashing it over Lovebones' head, blood streaming down his face, *Take that, fag*, he thought.

McCourtney recovered, her switchblade flashing as she stabbed Lovebones repeatedly in the chest and stomach, blood spurting, soaking her halter top. *Die, you prick*, she thought, untying her top, rubbing the blood across her bare breasts, her nipples hard. "Killing gets me excited," she purred to Harry, *Fuck, I'm wet*, her pussy throbbing despite the pain. "Bastard got me good—my cunt's gonna bruise purple. Okay if you just fuck my ass instead?"

Harry grinned, his cock straining, *Her ass is fucking gold*, he thought. "No problem, sweet cheeks. I'm addicted to that tight hole. Your pussy'll have to wait." He yanked her cut-offs down, her panties with them, exposing her ass. Spitting on his cock, he thrust between her cheeks, sinking deep into her ass, *So fucking tight*, he thought, fucking her hard over the altar, one hand gripping her shoulder, the other pulling her hair, her moans raw and loud.

The other bikers trashed the church, spraying graffiti and pissing on pews, *This place is ours*, Shades thought. Robin wandered over, watching Harry pound McCourtney's ass, her blood-smeared tits bouncing. Mimicking a limp-wristed homosexual, he lisped, "My, my, isn't he big?"

McCourtney flipped him the bird, *Fuck off*, as he slapped Harry's ass, "Save some for me, brother."

Big John and Shades tore a giant crucifix from the wall, dragging the bleeding Lovebones to it, nailing his hands and feet with rusted spikes, *Suffer, fag*, they thought, hoisting him up before Harry and McCourtney, still fucking, her ass clenching around his cock, *God, he really is huge*, she thought, her orgasm building. She locked eyes with Lovebones, smirking, "Who'd have thought it Reverend? We both ended up getting nailed in church."

Lovebones, blood pooling in his mouth, spat defiantly at her, his eyes

burning with righteous fury, then slumped, dead, his body sagging against the cross. *Lord, take me*, he thought in his final breath. Harry came, hot and thick inside McCourtney's ass, *Fucking queen*, he thought, as she shuddered, her own orgasm ripping through her, *Blood and cock, my heaven*, she thought, collapsing against him.

Chapter 12

The Iowa heat baked the clapboard house as Thad led Melody up the porch steps, his heart pounding with a mix of hope and dread. He'd told Earl and McCourtney he'd met a decent, God-fearing lady, and for once, he felt a slim flicker of salvation. *Miss Melody's my way out*, he thought, her plain brown dress and long skirt a stark contrast to McCourtney's depravity, her glasses and braces radiating purity. Earl, taking the meeting seriously, had dusted off his suit—the same one he'd worn at his wife's funeral, its creases stiff with disuse. *First time I've seen him sober in months*, Thad thought, hoping for his approval. Inside, McCourtney sprawled on the sofa, defiant in a sheer nightie that clung to her sweat-slicked body, her nipples hard and visible, transparent panties revealing her pubic hair. *Look at you, Thad, missing this*, she thought, her legs parted slightly, sweat beading on her thighs, hoping to rekindle his obsession. *This prude ain't taking you from me*, she thought, her pussy tingling at the thought of his torment. She barely glanced at Melody, *Fucking Jesus freak*, rolling her eyes.

Thad cleared his throat, nervous. "Dad, McCourtney, this is Melody," he said, *Please don't fuck this up*, he thought. Melody stepped forward, her smile warm but resolute. "I'm very pleased to meet you both," she said, her voice clear. "May Gentle Jesus bless your lives as He has blessed mine, and hopefully Thad's." *The Lord's work begins right here*, she thought, sensing the house's moral failings.

Earl, his suit tight across his broad shoulders, nodded, impressed by her conservative grace. "Glad Thad's met a respectable woman like you, Melody. We need that in this town." *She's a damn sight better than the whores 'round here*, he thought, his voice gruff. "Bad things have been happening here. You heard about Father Lovebones?"

Melody's face softened, *A martyr*, she thought. "Yes, a soldier of Christ who made the ultimate sacrifice." *His death calls us to action*, she added silently, her resolve firm. "I feel the Lord wants me to guide this

town to the right, Christian path."

McCourtney snorted, *What a fucking saint*, wanting to punch Melody's earnest face. *She's full of shit, prancing in here like she owns us*, she thought, her fingers itching for her switchblade. Melody, undaunted, turned to Earl, her gaze steady. "Earl, I fear I must speak plainly, and hope my words don't offend you. The lord personally told me your alcoholism grieves Him. It's a sin dragging you from His light."

McCourtney smirked, *Oh, this bitch is done*, expecting Earl to flash back to Vietnam and explode, *He'll toss her out the fucking window*, imagining his fists flying. But to her shock, Earl's face crumpled, *She's right*, he thought, his voice low. "Lost my wife, then Vietnam... it broke me, Melody. Truth is, I've been drowning my sorrows ever since."

Melody's eyes were compassionate but determined. "Did God save you from death in Vietnam just so you could drink yourself to death?" *He's not lost yet*, she thought. Earl shook his head, *She sees through me, like no women I've ever known*, he whispered, "Guide me, please."

"Go to church, right now," Melody said, *The Lord's calling him*. "Thad will go with you. It'll give me time to get to know McCourtney, who may one day be my sister-in-law." *If it's His will*, she thought, her heart steady.

Earl slapped Thad's back, grinning, "Marriage, huh? Proud of you, boy." *He's finally growing up*, he thought, as Thad blushed, *Melody as my wife?* his cock stirring despite his faith. The men left, Earl's suit creaking, Thad glancing back, *Don't let McCourtney ruin her*.

Alone, McCourtney sprang up, her nightie slipping to reveal more skin, her voice venomous. "I'm calling you out as a fucking fraud, Melody, a snake oil saleswoman are we" she snarled, *This holy act won't last*, she thought. "If it's money you're after, better get on the next greyhound bus. We don't have a pot to piss in."

Melody stood tall, *Her soul's a battlefield*, she thought. "The only riches I seek are spiritual, McCourtney. The Lord's wealth is eternal." *She's lost, but I won't falter*.

McCourtney laughed, cruel and sharp. "Man, you really wear your

virginity like a sheriff's badge. You're in for a shock when you find out what Thad's really like." *He's my fucktoy, not your savior*, she thought, her pussy wet with defiance.

Melody's voice was like fresh steel. "What Thad WAS like. He's confessed everything—your sins together—vaginal, anal, oral and God has forgiven him." *You can't hold him anymore*, she thought, her faith unshaken.

McCourtney sneered, stepping closer, her sweat-slicked body inches from Melody. "Thad tell you how we fucked? Got you wet, hearing about his cock in my pussy? He's only a real man when he's fucking his sister. We came all over each other—hot, messy, screaming. He's my leftovers, sweetheart. Good luck with his limp dick."

Melody's face flushed with rage, *She's beyond redemption*, she thought, her voice trembling but fierce. "I've never met anyone I thought couldn't be saved—until you. The gateway to hell exists between your legs, McCourtney, and from what Thad said, you've opened it once too often." *You're a blight*, she thought, turning to leave.

McCourtney shouted after her, "Someone should weld your metal mouth shut, you braced bitch!" *Fucking cunt*, she thought, her rage boiling over. Melody stormed out, *The Lord will deal with her*, leaving McCourtney alone, her breath ragged. *She thinks she can take Thad? I'll burn this town down first*, she thought, grabbing an axe from the corner and storming outside.

In the backyard, McCourtney attacked the woodpile, chopping furiously, sweat pouring down her face, her nightie sticking to her skin, panties riding up her ass. *Melody, Thad, Earl—they're all against me*, she thought, each swing a release of fury, the axe biting deep. The cicadas screamed, a hymn to her chaos, then McCourtney thought, maybe she was right, maybe the gateway to hell is between my legs.

Chapter 13

The air was thick with the scent of pine and earth as McCourtney wandered deeper into the woods, her cut-off jeans clinging to her sweat-slicked thighs, her halter top damp, nipples hard against the fabric. Her mind churned with venomous thoughts of Miss Melody, *That braced bitch thinks she can steal my Thad, marry him, play Christian savior*, she seethed. *She's a fraud, and I'll fucking destroy her.* But frustration gnawed at her—she had no plan, no leverage to shatter Melody's pious grip. *What's it gonna take to bury that Jesus freak?* she thought, her pussy tingling with restless rage.

As she ventured deeper, the forest's shadows thickened, and her thoughts drifted to a local urban myth—Delvis of the Forest, a dwarf woven into Iowa folklore. Everyone knew the tale: Delvis' mother, a virgin, crossed a graveyard at midnight, stepping on a toad, who cursed her. The next night, desperate to lift the curse, she returned, and the toad demanded to mate with her. From that unholy union, Delvis was born—a strange deformed child who hollowed out corn cobs into flutes. The townsfolk grew wary when Delvis danced naked on rooftops, his eerie music stirring erotic frenzy in women. The final straw came when the Mayor of the town found Delvis in bed with the Major's mother, his wife, and two of his daughters, shaming three generations of the Major's family. Banished, Delvis vanished into the forest, a legend whispered to scare kids. *Fucking fairy tale*, McCourtney thought, dismissing it, but the story only fueled her frustration. *I'm losing my edge, grasping at stupid myths.*

She stopped, her rage boiling over, and shouted into the trees, “Delvis, little man of the forest, help me fuck up Melody!” Her voice echoed, unanswered, and she laughed bitterly, *Am I going mad?* But a spark of cunning flickered—if Delvis is real, he's gotta be a horny bastard, just like me. *Let's lure him out.* She found a fallen tree, its mossy surface soft under her fingers. *Perfect stage*, she thought, peeling off her

panties, tossing them aside, her pussy already wet with anticipation. She straddled the log, grinding her slick folds against the moss, her clit throbbing as she rubbed, *Come on, Delvis, don't miss this show*, she thought, moaning softly, her fingers spreading her lips, exposing her glistening core to the forest's gaze.

A distant trumpet blast pierced the silence, sharp and haunting. *What the hell?* she thought, her heart racing. Through the mist, a figure emerged—Delvis, a dwarf no taller than her waist, clad in a jester's outfit, bells jingling, his Irish lilt jolly. "When the trumpet sounds, there must be a harlot around," he chirped, his eyes gleaming with mischief, *What a fine lass*, he thought, eyeing her dripping pussy. "I'm Delvis of the Forest. What troubles ye, lass?"

McCourtney, panting, slid off the log, unfazed by his size. "I want rid of Miss Melody, a fucking Jesus freak who is trying to marry my brother Thad."

Delvis grinned, stroking his beard, *A wicked one, just as we like*. "We in the forest know all about yer troubles, McCourtney. We've watched yer wickedness from the sidelines, and with, may I say, approval." *She's a rare breed*, he thought, his bells jingling as he paced.

"We? Who else is here?" McCourtney demanded.

Delvis' voice dropped, reverent. "I'm the sentinel, guardin' the sacred place of the Old Ones—ancient beings, older than the sun or the moon, from when the world itself was young." *They've seen her chaos, and they like what they see*, he thought, his eyes glinting.

McCourtney's skepticism wavered, a chill running through her. *Sounds like bullshit, but... I feel it's true*, she thought, her gut twisting with awe. "Can I meet them? Will they help me?"

Delvis nodded, *She's bold enough*. "The most powerful, me master, desires more than yer company, lass. He wants the delights of yer body. 'Tis rare a harlot of yer magnitude walks the earth, rarer still that the master craves a mortal. Few survive his enormous desires. Are ye willin' to take that chance?"

McCourtney's eyes blazed, *Fuck yeah*, her pussy throbbing at the

challenge. "What do I get?" *Better be worth it*, she thought.

"His power for yer power," Delvis said. "He'll meddle in mortal affairs, end yer Melody problem, if ye satisfy his carnal hunger." *She's the one*, he thought.

"Deal," McCourtney said, following Delvis deeper into the woods, the trees closing in like a cathedral. They reached a jetty on the edge of DeSoto Lake, the water black and still under the rising moon. "Go forth, lass," Delvis said, "The master awaits", pointing to the jetty.

McCourtney stepped onto the creaking planks, her breath shallow, *This is it*, she thought, stripping naked, her skin prickling in the cool air. She lay back, the rough wood biting her back, and spread her thighs, her fingers slipping to her pussy, teasing her swollen clit before plunging two fingers deep, *Come on, big guy*, she thought, moaning, her hips rocking, her free hand pinching her nipple, sending jolts through her core. *Fuck me raw*, she whispered, her juices glistening under the stars. Delvis raised his corn-cob flute, calling, "Great Cthulhu, rise!" The sky pulsed with unnatural purple light, thunderclouds glowing violet, illuminating the lake in unnatural hues. A deep, moaning roar shattered the silence, the waters churning violently. Cthulhu emerged, a colossus of grotesque majesty, hundreds of feet tall, his greenish-black body slick with iridescent slime, scales jagged across his hide. His octopus-like head pulsed with fleshy tentacles, barbs quivering, his small red eyes hypnotic, burning with ancient hunger. Clawed, webbed hands flexed, tattered wings etched with pulsating veins looming behind him. The air reeked of decay and ozone, *Fucking hell, he's massive*, McCourtney thought, her pussy clenching with fear and desire.

Cthulhu's eyes locked on her pulsing fingers, her glistening womanly folds, *A worthy offering*, he seemed to think, slithering to the jetty, his tentacles coiling around her thighs, spreading them wide. Warm, viscous slime coated her skin, electric against her bare flesh. One tentacle teased her clit, circling before plunging into her pussy, stretching her with a delicious burn, *Fuck, so he's big, be gentle with me Cthulhu*, she thought, as another probed her ass, sliding in slow, filling

her completely. The dual penetration overwhelmed her, her body trembling, *More, give me more*, she thought, her hands now gripping his rubbery flesh.

A thicker, ribbed tentacle—his cock, slick and warm—nudged her dripping cunt, thrusting deep, *God, it's splitting me*, she thought, crying out, her walls clenching as he fucked her hard, the jetty groaning under their rhythm. The tentacle in her ass matched his pace, wet slaps echoing with the lake's slosh. *First my own brother lustng after me, now a cosmic entity is ravishing me, can life get any better?*, she thought, her hips bucking, clawing his slimy flesh. Her orgasm crashed like a tidal wave, her scream piercing the night, her pussy spasming, soaking the jetty. Cthulhu's thrusts grew erratic, his tentacles tightening, then he pulled out, erupting in a hot, viscous flood of purple slime over her naked body, coating her breasts, stomach, and thighs. He slipped back into the depths, a final tentacle caressing her, leaving her spent, glistening with his essence, the jetty marked by their primal union. McCourtney lay there, too exhausted to move, her mind reeling. Delvis appeared, doing a merry jig, his bells jingling, scooping the purple slime into a jar. "Yer reward for bringing the Great Cthulhu to orgasm," he said, handing it to her, "and best wishes for the wickedness to come." *She's one of us now*, he thought, vanishing into the mist. McCourtney staggered to her feet, the cicadas' scream a hymn to her triumph. The forest closed around her, the lake still, as Cthulhu's power coursed through her.

Chapter 14

The tiny storefront church hummed with the last notes of a hymn. Miss Melody, in her plain brown dress and long skirt, stood at the door, bidding farewell to the faithful. To a weathered tramp clutching a paper bag, she offered, “Try to stay off the bottle, Amos. The Lord’s strength is yours.” *He’s struggling, but Jesus sees him*, she thought, her braces glinting as she smiled. As he shuffled away, a figure approached— McCourtney, shockingly dressed in a conservative blouse and ankle-length skirt, her usual sluttiness buried under a demure facade, her hair pinned modestly. *What’s she playing at?* Melody thought, her heart skipping, turning her back to hum “Amazing Grace,” *Lord, guide me*. Melody’s mind raced, *How’d she know about this place? Thad must’ve told her*. Swallowing her unease, she faced McCourtney, forcing a smile. “I think we got off to a bad start, McCourtney. I’m delighted you’re here. Does your presence mean you’ve come to accept Gentle Jesus into your life?” *Please, Lord, let this be true*, she thought.

McCourtney’s eyes glistened with false humility, *Fucking easy to fool*, she thought, clutching the jar of Cthulhu’s purple slime in her pocket. “I want to be good, Miss Melody, but my sins... they’re too heavy for forgiveness,” she said, her voice soft, *Play the part, reel her in*.

Melody’s heart softened, *She’s broken, but not lost*, she thought.

“McCourtney. In you, I see a fallen angel. Let me pull you back into the light.” *The Lord’s calling me to save her*, she thought, stepping closer.

“Help me, sister,” McCourtney whispered, opening her arms, *Got you*, she thought, as they hugged, Melody’s warmth a stark contrast to her cold intent. Melody pulled back, beaming, “We should drink to your salvation.” She poured two glasses of milk from a pitcher, *A pure toast*, she thought, handing one to McCourtney.

The phone rang, shattering the moment. Melody answered, “Salvation House,” and Thad’s voice crackled through. They spoke briefly, Melody’s voice bright, “Thad, McCourtney’s here, ready to accept

Jesus!" Thad's tone darkened, *She's lying*, he thought, urging caution, "Don't trust her, Melody. She's dangerous."

Melody frowned, *He's lost faith in redemption*, she thought, rebuking him. "True Christians offer a helping hand, Thad. It's our calling to lead lost lambs to the promised land." *She's sincere, I feel it*, she thought, turning back to McCourtney, missing the moment McCourtney slipped a dollop of Cthulhu's purple slime into her milk, the liquid shimmering faintly, *Drink up, bitch*, McCourtney thought, smirking.

They raised their glasses, toasting, "To McCourtney's awakening," Melody said, *Praise Jesus*. They drank, but as the milk hit Melody's throat, a strange heat bloomed, *What's happening?* she thought, her body tingling. "My... my most intimate parts feel like they're on fire," she gasped, her pussy throbbing, her clit pulsing with unnatural need, *Lord, save me*.

In a frenzy, Melody tore at her dress, buttons popping, exposing her plain bra and panties, her skin flushed. "Turn away, McCourtney, don't look at my nakedness!" she pleaded, *This is sin*, her hands trembling, trying to cover herself. McCourtney laughed, cruel and triumphant, "You drank Cthulhu's sperm, Melody. You can't fight his will." *She's mine now*, she thought, her own arousal spiking.

Melody shouted, "No!" and lunged, tackling McCourtney to the floor, *Resist this evil*, she thought, tearing at McCourtney's blouse, ripping it open, her skirt shredding, revealing McCourtney's bare body. Melody froze, staring at McCourtney's nakedness, her pussy glistening, a sudden, shameful desire surging, *Oh, God, I'm looking at her like a woman shouldn't*, she thought, her breath ragged.

Mccourtney smirked, "You want me, not Thad. Cthulhu wants you to explore every sensation, every temptation. You can't fight it, Cthulhu's sperm runs through you now." *Fucking surrender*, she thought, pulling Melody close. Melody, overwhelmed, kissed her passionately, their tongues tangling, *Forgive me, Lord*, she thought, her body betraying her faith. Her hands squeezed McCourtney's breasts, fingers pinching her hard nipples, licking them, sucking greedily, *So soft, so wrong*, she

thought, moaning.

McCourtney guided Melody's head to her crotch, *Eat me, you prude*, she thought, spreading her thighs, her pussy dripping. "I don't know what to do," Melody whispered, *This is sin, but I need it*, her lips hovering over McCourtney's folds. "Just use me, savor me," McCourtney purred, *Fucking do it*. Melody's tongue flicked out, tasting McCourtney's clit, lapping at her juices, *She's sweet, God help me*, she thought, sucking eagerly, McCourtney's moans loud, *Fucking yes, you're mine*.

They shifted into a 69, Melody on top, her pussy over McCourtney's face, *Take her virginity*, McCourtney thought, licking Melody's untouched folds, her tongue swirling, then rimming her tight ass, *I got here first, Thad*, she thought, *I got your virgin bride before your tired cock, and she's loving me. I won*. Melody's tongue worked McCourtney's clit, her moans muffled, *I'm damned, but it's divine*, she thought, her pussy clenching.

Their orgasms hit simultaneously, screams echoing in the church, Melody's juices flooding McCourtney's mouth, McCourtney's pussy spasming against Melody's lips, *Fucking triumph*, McCourtney thought, as they collapsed, naked and sweating, exhausted but restless on the floor. Melody panted, "Oh, my joy trail, it longs for more, it needs to be filled," *What have I become?* she thought, her body craving more sin. The roar of motorcycles approached. "That's the sound of your salvation, Melody," McCourtney said "They'll fuck you raw" her voice dripping with malice. Melody, still dazed, looked toward the door, her body trembling with Cthulhu's lingering influence, as the bikers' boots thudded closer, the cicadas' scream a hymn to McCourtney's victory.

Chapter 15

The stars were obscured by a haze of dust as Thad sped towards Salvation House, his beat-up Chevy rattling with urgency. His heart pounded with dread for Melody, *She's in danger, I know it*, he thought, McCourtney's venomous influence a gnawing certainty. *I told her not to trust that snake*. The storefront church loomed ahead, its doors sealed with a padlock glinting in the moonlight. *Closed? No, she's gotta be here*, he thought, panic rising. In a rage, he kicked the door, the wood splintering under his boots, *Melody, where are you?*

The commotion drew Amos, the tramp from Melody's flock, his tattered coat flapping as he shuffled over, clutching a paper bag. "Hey, kid, don't wreck the church!" he yelled, *Damn fool*, he thought, eyeing Thad's wild expression. Thad froze, panting, "Sorry, Amos. Have you seen Melody? I'm worried sick."

Amos scratched his stubble, *Kid's desperate*, and held out a grimy hand. "Gimme some cash for a beer, and I'll spill what I know." *Ain't nuthin' in this life free, boy*, he thought. Thad, frantic, shoved a crumpled five into his palm, *Talk, old man*.

Amos pocketed the bill and leaned in, his breath sour. "Saw Melody and another girl take off with that biker gang. Riding on the backs of their bikes, heading out fast, like they off to meet the devil." Thad's face paled, *McCourtney, it's gotta be her*, his stomach twisting. "Heard the bikers are holed up at Freshman's Farm," Amos added, "sheriff's after 'em for killin' Lovebones, god rest his soul. You better go, kid. Miss Melody's a good girl, who only wants to save souls, but those bikers are dirty bastards who only wanna fill holes, pardon my language." *Poor girl's in deep, probably balls deep by now*, he thought, shuffling off. Thad's blood boiled, *McCourtney's corrupted her*, he thought, tearing back to his car, the engine roaring as he sped toward Freshman's Farm, a deserted sprawl on the town's edge. The night air carried the thud of

rock music—Led Zeppelin’s wail—and the glint of parked motorcycles confirmed Amos’ tale. *They’re here*, Thad thought, parking and creeping toward the farmhouse, his heart hammering. The scene hit him like a fist: a full-on biker orgy, sprawled across the overgrown yard. Bikers fucked women in the open air—on blankets, against trees, moans and grunts mingling with the music. *Melody, are you one of them?* Thad thought, tormenting himself, *McCourtney dragged her into this, I know it.*

He scanned the chaos, his eyes catching a biker pounding a woman, her legs spread, *Is that her?* he thought, rushing over, rage blinding him. He yanked the biker off, shouting, “Get off her!” only to see it wasn’t Melody—just a stranger, her makeup smeared, pussy glistening with cum. The biker, the burly brute named Robin, snarled, “Hey, dude, what the hell? Wait your turn! Didn’t your mama teach you manners?” *Fucking kid*, he thought, zipping up.

Thad stammered, “Sorry, thought she was someone else.” *Not her, thank God*, he thought, his face burning with embarrassment. Robin’s woman, sprawled naked, laughed, “What, my pussy ain’t good enough for you, huh?” *Prick*, she thought, lighting a cigarette.

“I’m looking for my girlfriend,” Thad pleaded, “Please, help me”, he described Melody—glasses, braces, conservative dress. The woman smirked, “Sounds like the fresh meat they got pullin’ a train in the barn. Came with another chick, but she split already. If you want the fresh meat though, you’ll have to wait at the back of a very long line.” She’s gettin’ it good, she thought, as Robin roared with laughter, *Poor bastard.*

Thad’s heart sank, *A train? Melody?* he thought, sprinting to the barn, the music pounding in his ears. Inside, the air was thick with sweat and sex, the dim light revealing a horrific sight: Melody, naked, sandwiched between two bikers—Harry in her pussy, Shades busy in her ass. Her moans were raw, her braces glinting as she writhed, *She’s loving it*, Thad thought, horror crashing over him. “Melody, what the hell? Don’t you realize what you’re doing?” he shouted, “This isn’t you!”

Melody's eyes, wild with lust, met his, Cthulhu's sperm still burning in her veins. "I'm being a whore, Thad, and loving every goddamn minute. McCourtney was right all along."

Thad's voice broke, *She's gone*, he thought, "No, you're a good girl! We're meant to be getting married, in God's eyes! Come back to me", he pleaded, tears stinging.

Melody laughed, harsh and cruel, "Nah, being a whore's better. I ain't never wearin' panties again, that's for sure." *This is sexual freedom*, she thought, her hips bucking. Thad, desperate, "McCourtney did this, turned you into a slut!" *She's poison*.

"She sure did," Melody purred. "Next time you fuck her, say hi from me. Now take your limp dick outta here—only real men get to fuck me now." Harry, grinning, added, "Scram, buddy. I'd kick your ass, but I'm busy ballin' your girlfriend." *Fucking loser*, he thought, thrusting deeper, Melody's moans louder.

Thad stumbled out, his faith shattered, the orgy's chaos swallowing him. The cicadas screamed, a dirge for Melody's fall, as McCourtney's dark triumph—fueled by Cthulhu's sperm—tightened its grip on the town.

Chapter 16

Earl slumped in his worn armchair, a half-empty bottle of bourbon cradled in his lap, his suit from Melody's visit discarded, replaced by a stained undershirt and jeans. *Back to the bottle, where I belong*, he thought, the sting of Melody's words about his alcoholism drowned by the liquor's burn. *Vietnam broke me, and this town's finishing the job*. The silence was shattered by the phone's shrill ring, jarring him upright, *Who the hell's calling this late?*

He stumbled to the receiver, his voice slurred, "Yeah, who's this?" It was Thad, calling from a payphone outside a late-night store, his voice trembling, a small brown paper bag clutched in one hand, the phone in the other, *I can't hold this in anymore*, he thought, the weight of Melody's corruption crushing him.

"Dad, is McCourtney home?" Thad asked.

Earl squinted, *Kid sounds off*, and muttered, "Nah, she's out. What's it to you?"

Thad's breath hitched, steeling himself. "Dad, there's no easy way to tell you, but your daughter's a whore. I'm a whore too, and now... worst of all, Melody is also a whore."

Earl's grip tightened on the phone, "You drunk, boy?" he growled, the bourbon dulling his shock but not his rising anger.

"No, Dad, you don't understand," Thad said, his voice breaking, "Me and McCourtney... we've been balling, it's been going on for a while. It's sick, I know." *I'm disgusting, but she's worse*, he thought, the memory of her evil pussy, her cruel dominance, a stain on his soul.

Earl's face reddened, fury exploding, "You did it with your own sister, you son of a bitch?" he roared, "I knew I should've beaten you more as a kid! Incest!! Shit!! I should've stayed in Vietnam!"

Thad's voice cracked, "If you don't believe me, search her room. You'll find trophies of her sex life. She's evil, Dad. I have to destroy her. I'm

“sorry, I failed you. I love you.” Tears streamed down Thad's face as he slammed the receiver down, the payphone's clang echoing in the empty street.

Earl stood frozen, the phone's static buzzing like a swarm of flies, *He's lying, he's gotta be*, he thought, but doubt gnawed at him. Thad sounded broken. Curiosity and dread pulled him toward McCourtney's room, his boots heavy on the creaking stairs. Inside, the walls were a shrine to Richard Nixon, his jowly face staring from dozens of photos, *Damn you, don't believe the lies they say about her, or about me*, Nixon seemed to say, *She's a decent, God-fearing, all-American girl. Listen to your president*. But Earl's hands shook as he rifled through her drawers, finding a vibrator, its surface worn from use, and a switchblade, crusted with dried blood. The truth hit like a grenade thrown by the Vietcong, *Thad's right. She's a monster*.

The front door creaked downstairs, *She's back*, Earl thought, rage surging. He stormed to the kitchen, where McCourtney stood, her cut-off jeans and halter top smeared with dirt, *Fresh from her whoring*, he thought, clutching the vibrator and switchblade. He slammed them on the table, his voice a growl, “Is it true, harlot? You committed incest under my roof with your own brother?”

McCourtney's eyes gleamed, defiant. “Yeah, you drunken son of a bitch,” she spat, “I had Thad, fucked him senseless, over and over. His cock in my pussy, my ass—he loved every second.” *And I owned him*, she thought, her pussy tingling with pride.

Earl's vision blurred, *She's not my daughter, she's a Vietcong whore, mocking me*, his mind flashing to a straw-hatted woman in a burning village, *Goddamn American, why you come here?* He roared, slapping her hard across the face, her head snapping back, *You filthy slut!* His hands closed around her throat, squeezing, *I'll end this sin*, his Vietnam-fueled rage blinding him. McCourtney gasped, her hands clawing at his wrists, then reaching for the table, fingers brushing the switchblade, desperation surging. But Earl's grip was iron, and McCourtney's vision began to darken.

The cicadas screamed outside, a relentless hymn to the house's collapse, McCourtney's fate hanging by a thread, Thad's confession was a spark, igniting a fire that only murder could extinguish.

The town's streets were a blur as Thad floored the gas in his Chevy, the engine screaming like a reflection of his inner torment. Red lights flashed and were ignored, as he barreled through intersections, tires screeching, pedestrians scattering with shouts of panic. Nothing mattered anymore—not being picked up by the cops, not running down some unfortunate fool, not dying in a car crash. His knuckles whitened on the wheel, his chance at a normal life stolen from him when Melody chose to change from a good girl into a mindless slut. The memory of her in the barn, fucked raw by bikers, her cruel laughter, burned him like acid. *McCourtney did this, poisoned her, poisoned me. All I've got left is to drag that bitch to hell with me.* The brown paper bag on the passenger seat, concealing a knife, was his final vow.

He skidded into the driveway, not bothering to even shut the car door, *No time, she's here*, he thought, sprinting into the house, the knife clutched tight. Inside, he smelt the stench of whiskey and something metallic—maybe blood. The kitchen caught his eye, chairs overturned, a glass shattered on the floor, but rage drowned his curiosity. He tore upstairs, his boots pounding, to McCourtney's bedroom, *You're done, you whore.*

The room was pitch-dark, the Nixon photos on the walls eyed him suspiciously, Thad's his eyes adjusted and saw a faint, titillating outline on the bed—McCourtney, face down, her bare ass exposed, a bra strapped on, panties tangled around her ankles, *Always a slut*, he thought, hate and lust colliding. His cock hardened, *One last fuck before I end you*, as he ripped off his clothes, a knife in one hand, his erection in the other. Thad intended to use both. He jumped on the bed, straddling the body, *You're mine now*. Driven by fury, he spat on his cock, thrusting between her buttocks. "One final ride, enjoy it sister" Thad fumed "it's the last fuck for either of us".

As he came, hot and shuddering, he roared, "God dammit if you weren't the best I ever had, now let's ride to hell, McCourtney!" he raised the knife high, poised to stab. The room blazed with light, a voice barking, "Freeze!" Thad froze, blinking, then he saw two policemen in the doorway, their guns drawn, their faces showing a mixture of hatred and revulsion. Behind them stood McCourtney, alive, smirking, the horror dawned on Thad. He looked down at the body beneath him, *No, no, no*, and gagged—Earl's corpse, the back of his father's neck slashed open, blood crusted from a switchblade wound, his body grotesquely dressed in McCourtney's bra and panties.

Thad's mistake.

"Dad, oh God, no," Thad choked. *I just fucked my father's corpse*, he thought, his stomach heaving, cum still dripping from his cock. He turned to the cops, voice cracking, "I didn't mean to, I thought he was my sister!" *She set me up*, he realized, the pieces snapping together—*McCourtney killed Earl, dragged his body upstairs, stripped it, dressed it in her underwear, and left it as a trap, She knew I'd come for her.* McCourtney's eyes gleamed with Cthulhu's dark triumph. The cops advanced, one snarling, "You sick fuck, you're under arrest," *Fucking pervert*, he thought, holstering his gun to cuff Thad. The other keeping aim, sternly said "Don't move, freak".

Epilogue

Thad Nelson died on the electric chair on the 23rd August 1975, his repeated claims that his sister framed him for the death of their father Earl Nelson fell on deaf ears. Few chose to take notice of a man who was apprehended while sodomizing his father's corpse. Melody Lancaster became a full time biker mama, and took off with the biker gang not long after Thad's arrest. She was not among the members of the gang who were ambushed and killed by black revolutionaries in September 1974, however her current whereabouts are unknown.

McCourtney Nelson was never charged with any crime, she left town and changed her name. She subsequently met and married a handsome republican politician, who later became governor. They remain happily married and have two children. Every year she discreetly ventures to lake DeSoto to satisfy the sexual cravings of her otherworldly lover, the great Cthulhu!!!